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[WITH A SUPPLEMENT, SIXPENCE.]

THE EXPEDITION TO THE CRIMEA.

PUBLIC attention is now earnestly fixed on the great expedition to the Crimea, the departure of which from Varna has been already announced. By common consent it seems to be considered as the last and crowning enterprise of the campaign of 1854, and it is looked forward to with corresponding interest; more particularly as it is seen that the season is rapidly approaching when it is unsafe to leave our fleet in the upper part of the Baltic, and further operations in that quarter can hardly be expected. In fact, the French commander, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers has returned; and a part of his troops are on their way home. Sir Charles Napier, too, it is said, is immediately to leave the fleet. The expedition to the Crimea, therefore, now concentrates in itself all the feelings implicated in the great struggle in which the nation is engaged.

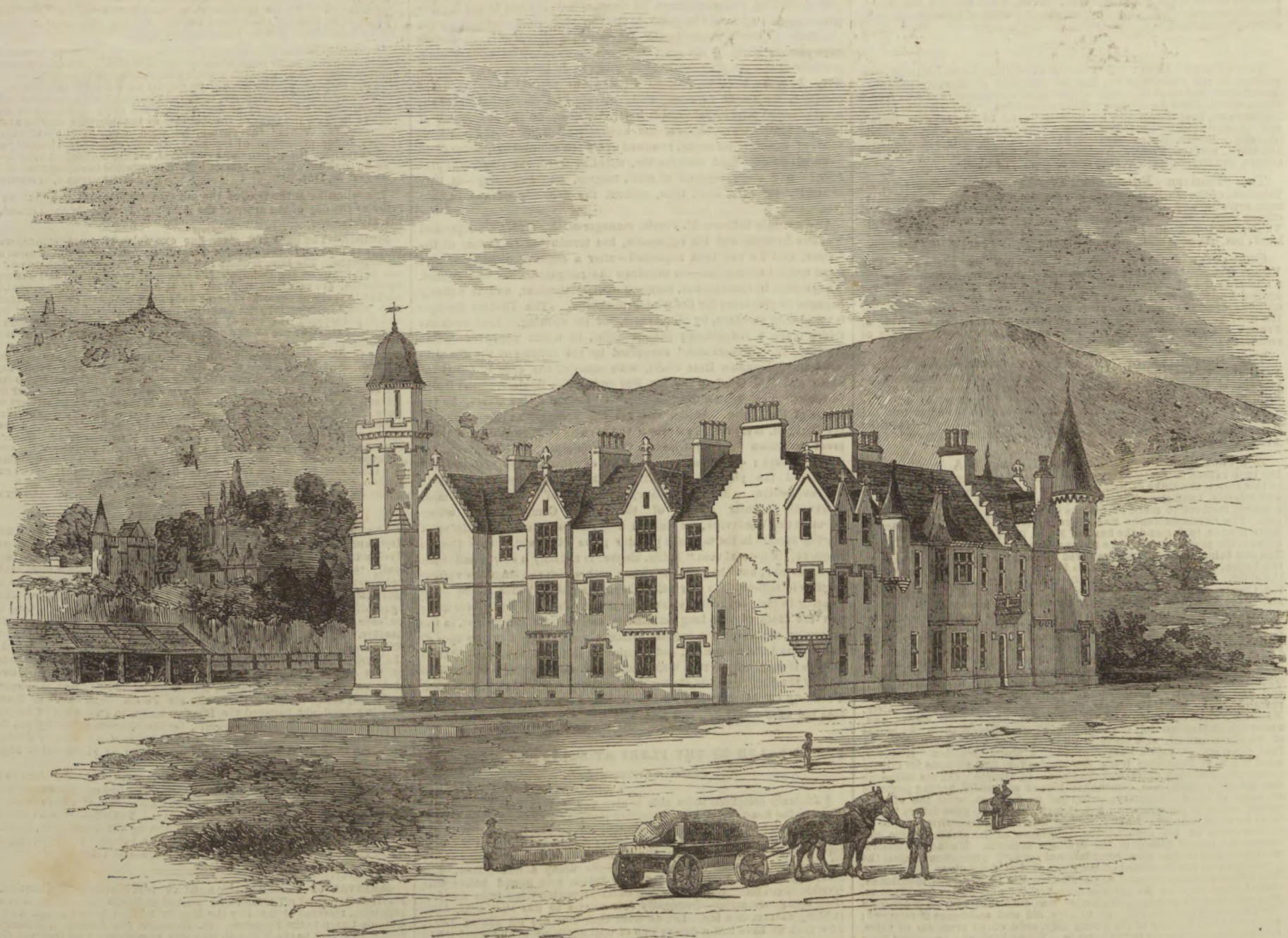
It is probably the greatest maritime expedition, taking it all in all—the immense number of ships and troops employed, and the completeness of the outfit—that was ever prepared. The last memorable expedition of this kind which England sent forth, was that to Walcheren, in 1809; but, though more English troops (40,000) were employed on that occasion, it was in all respects inferior to the present combined expedition. The Great Armada, which threatened the existence of England, did not carry—sailors, soldiers, and galley slaves—quite 30,000 men; while of this great expedition, the soldiers alone will be upwards of

70,000 men—making, with the sailors in the fleet, on board the transports, &c., not less than 100,000 persons. They must carry with them artillery, provisions, and supplies of all kinds. The largest force that ever before has been talked of as likely to form an invading expedition, had only a short voyage before it, and was inferior to this. Such an armament would require at any time, and under any circumstances, the greatest care and skill to organise it; and composed as this is, of three different nations who are to operate in a country quite strange to two of them; at a season of the year, also, when storms may be calculated on, the greatest circumspection and forethought are required in the commanders. The delay in setting out, which has excited some animadversion, has not been greater, probably, than was necessary to secure success; and, however desirous we must all have been to see the expedition proceed, it would have been culpable to send it on a day before the commanders were well assured that every needful preparation was made for the arduous and novel undertaking.

At Walcheren—the last occasion, we believe, when an English force had to make good a landing in face of an enemy—the first step was successfully accomplished, and Flushing was captured. That the expedition was afterwards a failure was due to the misconception in which it originated; to disputes and jealousies amongst the commanders; to the want of specific plans and instructions; and to the incapacity of the military man who was placed at its head. None of these elements are to be found in the present expedition. The

power of the enemy against whom it is directed is well ascertained. The plan is clear and decided; the military and naval chiefs are men of approved capacity; and, though it would be wrong to say, remembering how many incidents may intervene, that success is certain, in all human probability it is. A previous expedition to a place nearer to the present scene of strife than Walcheren, is a better augury. In all respects the landing of a considerable military force at Aboukir, in 1801, was eminently successful; and though Abercromby fell in the arms of victory, the result proved how much could be achieved by our naval and military men in the face of a powerful foe.

The Russians in the Crimea are certainly not more to be dreaded than were the French in Egypt. The coast about the Katcha, where the landing is to be effected, is much more favourable for naval operations than was the coast at Aboukir. There the ships could not approach the shore within gun-shot, and the only force that could effectually cover the landing of the troops consisted of gun-boats and other armed boats. On the coast of the Crimea, we are told there are places appropriate for landing the troops, where the water is fifteen fathoms deep close to the shore. If this be correct, our ships may effectually cover the debarkation, and keep every enemy at a distance till the troops be landed and formed and ready to become the assailants. Our imposing naval force is not only sufficient to perform this service, and keep the enemy in check, it is capable of diverting his attention from the invading troops by attacking Sebastopol. The recent experiments ex-



HER MAJESTY'S NEW CASTLE OF BALMORAL.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

pressly made to test the strength of the Russian forts at Bomarsund have confirmed all the previous statements of their weakness. At the distance of five hundred yards, the *Edinburgh*, in seven broadsides, made a breach in the towers of that fortress; and there is good reason to believe that the forts of Sebastopol are not stronger than those of Bomarsund; while a power immensely superior to that of the *Edinburgh* can be brought to bear against them. We trust, therefore, that it will be easy to effect a successful landing, and not difficult so to harass the enemy as to alarm him, while he is sending out troops against the invaders, for the fate of his own stronghold.

One point is quite clear: while we are masters of the Black Sea, Russia cannot send from the other parts of her empire any material succours to the Crimea: the distance is too great. What may be the exact number of Russian troops in the Crimea we are not aware; but we rely that her Majesty's Generals and Ministers, and her Allies, are well informed on this important point, and that they have taken care to send a force sufficiently large to ensure success. Unless they are morally certain on this point, it would be inexcusable to make the attempt. They have had ample time to prepare for the expedition: no means have been refused them. The Governments of England, France, and Turkey have disposed of the resources of the three empires to any extent they please, and they cannot fail for want of power. The amount of the Russian forces in the Crimea ought to be accurately known to them; and it must be known to a single man and a single gun how much power will be necessary to conquer the Russians. For this purpose, the great expedition is, we believe, all-sufficient; and, day by day, in common, with almost every man in the empire, we hope to hear of the landing of the English, French, and Turkish armies in the Crimea, and the surrender of Sebastopol, after some losses, perhaps, to the Allied arms.

BALMORAL.

This year her Majesty's visit to Scotland takes place somewhat later than heretofore; and the stay of the Court at Balmoral will not exceed three weeks. The Queen, the Prince Consort, the Royal children, and suite, left Buckingham Palace on Thursday morning, to reach Holyrood Palace in the evening, and to start from thence on Friday morning, travelling by the Edinburgh and Glasgow and the Scottish Central Railways to Perth, thence by the Scottish Midland to Forfar, by the Aberdeen Railway to Ferryhill junction, near Aberdeen, after which by the Deeside line to Banchory. From this latter station, at which railway communication terminates, the Royal travellers were to be posted on to Balmoral, and her Majesty will reach her Highland home about seven p.m. At Balmoral a new Castle has been some time in progress of building for her Majesty; and the view upon the preceding page shows the new Royal residence as it will appear when finished. The design consists of a massive square tower, about 100 feet in height, flanked on two sides by large squares of building, three stories and upwards in height. One of these squares is now fast approaching completion.

The foundations of one of the connecting wings, and of the main tower have been laid, and are shown in the foreground of the Sketch; but it is not expected that these, or the other square of buildings, which is mainly intended for the accommodation of the domestics, can be finished for at least two years to come; so that the old Castle, shown in the background of the view, will be required for the accommodation of her Majesty's suite during that interval.

The new buildings are marked by the peculiarities of the old sturdy baronial architecture of Scotland. They are erected wholly of beautiful grey granite found in the immediate neighbourhood of the Castle. The design displays, in many parts, masses of beautifully and carefully-detailed carvings and enriched mouldings, such as are seldom wrought in elaborate, but enduring material like granite.

The illustration represents the north-east front. The south-west front, in which is the grand entrance, will be, when finished, the richest in architectural detail; but it is not in such a state of forwardness as to admit of pictorial illustration.

THE PRIZE ESSAY OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW-LEAGUE.—A meeting of the Council of the League was held at Newall's-buildings, Manchester, last week, at which a resolution was passed that a thousand copies of the Prize Essay, now published, entitled, "The Charter of the Nations; or, Free-Trade and its Results," shall be handsomely bound, and be presented to the following countries, to be placed in the public libraries:—United States, Mexico, Brazil, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Sardinia, Greece, Saxony, Rome, Bavaria, and Neapolitan States.

THE ENGLISH PRISONERS AT TELSCHEN.—Letters from Telschen, of the 6th, in the *Königsberg Gazette*, state that the four Englishmen arrested and detained by the Russians, apparently for no other offence than trespassing on their soil, are still kept there. Madame de Vittinghoff and Mdlle. Lich, the professional singers, are not allowed to leave; but, like cage birds, are permitted to sing, and are giving concerts.

GUARANTEE AGAINST THE RESTORATION OF POLAND.—The *Vienna Wanderer* says, that the Prussian Government having expressed a fear that the Western Powers intended as one of its means of war against Russia, to revolutionise Poland, all pretext for favouring Russia on this ground has been taken away from the Prussian Government, by the most positive assurances of the Western Powers that the King of Prussia has nothing to fear for his Polish territory from a policy of resistance to the designs of Russia.

THE HOSPODARS OF THE PRINCIPALITIES.—Letters from Paris and Vienna state, that the Austrian Government has taken advantage of the opposition offered at Bucharest to the return of the Russian partisan Stirbey, in the character of Hospodar, to urge the postponement of any restoration or re-appointment to the office until the end of the war. The result of this arrangement would be to leave the Government in the hands of the Austrian Commissioner, supported by the Austrian army.

A NOBLE PORTUGUESE FORTUNE HUNTER.—A great outcry has been caused in Portugal by an attempted abduction. The criminal in this case is the Duke of Saldanha, who, possessing nothing but his pay and salaries, having squandered the immense sums received from the country, resolved to mend his fortune by means of a rich marriage for his son. The Conde Saldanha was, therefore, sent to Oporto, in company of some friends, to demand the hand of Mdlle. Ferreira, a child twelve years of age, the possessor of a large fortune, living with her widowed mother. The suit being rejected, it was resolved to storm the quinta of Travassos, on the Douro, to which place Madame Ferreira had retired, and carry off the child. To carry out this plan, the Count and his friends assembled at the Casaes, reinforcing themselves with the notorious Jose dos Casaes and his ruffians, who had for a long time been the terror of the district. At the fall of night the expedition and its creditable auxiliaries embarked for Travassos; while young Saldanha, along with a priest, who was forthwith to have married him, remained at Entre Rios awaiting his prey. On arriving at Travassos, the main body being placed in reserve, some of the ringleaders succeeded in penetrating into the house, but, to their dismay, they found their prey had flown. The alarm was meanwhile given, the parish tocsin was sounding, flambeaux were seen, and the peasantry arming; so the disappointed and affrighted ruffians took to their heels, and got on board precipitately. Madame Ferreira, having had timely notice, had left for Regoa, and, under the impression that she might have been followed there, the people of the place armed, and there is no doubt, had the expedition taken that direction, it would have met with a warm reception. However, what it saw at Travassos made the ringleaders lose all taste for further adventure, and they proceeded chopfallen, to Oporto. On the following day the unfortunate lady, fearing for herself and child, having procured an escort of the 9th Infantry, proceeded to Lamego, with the view of taking refuge in the nunnery; but, though the Bishop gave orders for her to be received in it, the Abbess refused her admittance through fear of calling down on her convent the vengeance of the Duke and his colleague, the Grand Master of the Masonic societies. Madame Ferreira, unable to find in her own constitutional country protection against the persecution of the President of the Council, has decided on emigrating. The names of many persons implicated in the outrage are mentioned, some having gone for the purpose from Lisbon, and others from Oporto. It is said that the principal ringleader was furnished with an order from the Duke enjoining the military to give aid and assistance if required; and that a lad, brother of the young lady, seduced by promises of titles, &c., had become a party in the outrage. Young Saldanha decamped from Oporto, to avoid the honours of a monster charivari.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.

It is seldom that the bills of mortality have displayed so many remarkable names as they have done this year. We have hitherto kept our readers au courant of these losses, and we lament to have to add yet more to the list. A few days since, M. Ancelot, whose literary productions, remarkable for the purity and elegance of their style, had obtained him well-merited and universal celebrity, and a *fauteuil* in the Academy, expired, from a painful disease of the stomach. The General Comte Merlin, the widower of the Comtesse Merlin—whose death three years since caused such a sensation and left such a blank in the highest circles of society and literature here—has also fallen a victim to the fatality that seems this year to attach itself to well-known names. M. Merlin was son to the celebrated juriconsult of that name, a highly distinguished officer under the Empire, and personally favoured by the Bonaparte family—and *pair de France* in the reign of Louis Philippe. The name of M. Lepoitvin Saint-Alme, though not very celebrated, is worthy of note as being intimately connected with the political and literary press of France during a considerable period. M. Lepoitvin Saint-Alme was the author of a number of remarkably successful pieces at the Cirque Olympique: he was the first *collaborateur* of Balzac, with whom he published as many as fourteen or fifteen novels. During thirty years he was successively principal editor of the *Figaro*, the *Capitole*, the *Globe*, *Satan*, the *Corsaire*, and *La Liberté*; which latter journal, founded by him in 1848, immediately after the Revolution of February, was the first to put forward the candidature of the Prince Louis-Napoléon for the Presidency of the Republic: for this reason the paper was suppressed by General Cavaignac. After the election of the 10th of December an idea was entertained of giving M. Saint-Alme a Préfecture; but, this being opposed by M. Léon Faucher, the old journalist retired disappointed, abandoned all interest in participation in the politics, literature, and events of the day, and died in poverty and obscurity. Besides many names we have already mentioned in former letters, we may cite those of MM. Vilmaitre, Horace, Raisson, Emile Souvestre, Van Tenac, Paillet, Auguste Arnould, &c.—all well known as connected with literature and journalism; besides several members of the Academy.

The visit and conduct of Prince Albert at the Camp of Boulogne have produced a most favourable impression in general here. His reception of the officers—more especially of General Schramm and Colonel Selves (now Suliman Pacha, soldier of the Empire, who, on the downfall of the dynasty to which he was devoted, entered the Egyptian service, of which he has now become one of the principal chiefs)—was particularly gracious. The Royal yacht was an object of peculiar interest and admiration to the inhabitants and visitors of Boulogne, who were struck by the elegance and comfort displayed in her accommodations.

The attention of Government is being seriously turned to the colonisation of Corsica on a grand scale. A petition is in circulation, bearing the title, "*A Napoléon III. la Corse*," demanding for the island the same advantages that have been accorded to Algeria. The document is signed by 125,000 names.

A decree, dated Boulogne, establishes a commission for the publication of the Correspondence of Napoleon I., selected from the various portions in the public repositories and private collections.

It is whispered that a series of most important changes is to take place in the chief administrations of the semi-official journals here.

The cholera may now be considered as on the point of extinction in Paris; the few cases that have recently occurred have, almost without exception, been easily overcome. A singular fact, and one to which every possible publicity should be given, is the frightful result produced by the abuse of camphor in the epidemic—innumerable cases of insanity having been caused solely by the practice adopted by many of eating small portions of this drug, or drinking it dissolved in brandy, as a preventative. In order, however, not to mislead our readers as to the use of camphor, we ought to state, while signaling its abuse, that about the most effectual remedy yet tested here, has been, on the appearance of the first symptoms of cholera, the administration of a single drop of spirit of camphor on sugar, renewed every ten minutes or quarter of an hour, till an abundant perspiration, aided by warm coverings, was produced; and the symptoms of colic, cramps, &c., gave way—as they generally did in a short time, without the necessity of any further treatment.

The struggle between M. Perrin, manager of the Opéra Comique and Théâtre Lyrique, and his opponents, has terminated in favour of the former, and he has been requested—after a series of discussions, and some mutual concessions—to withdraw the resignation he had offered. He remains, in consequence, manager of both theatres, and is actively engaged in preparing for the winter campaign. The Théâtre Lyrique is rehearsing an opera, by M. Gevaert, for its opening. Last week the Odéon gave a magnificent benefit night, in which appeared Mdlle. Georges, in "Britannicus," supported by the artistes of the Comédie Française; Madame Rose Chéri, with some of the élite of the Gymnase; and MM. Couderc and Ste. Foy and Mdlle. Boulart, of the Opéra Comique. The evening finished with "Le Roman d'Une Heure," by the actors of the Odéon. Mdlle. Georges has accepted an engagement at the Porte St. Martin. We doubt if the ravages of time will enable the great tragedian to do justice to the reputation established in her younger days; doubtless, the genius of these days remains, but we dread the physical difficulties that present such obstacles to its expression. Mdlle. Mocker, daughter of one of the most deservedly popular singers of the Opéra Comique, and whose début at the Vaudeville, we noticed a short time since, is obtaining a marked success in the new and popular piece with which that theatre re-opens, "A qui mal veut." Mdlle. Mocker is not only a clever and intelligent actress, but the peculiar charm with which she sings the various couplets introduced into her rôles, display a talent which is too often wanting in the younger artistes of the present day. We ourselves question the taste of this long-established custom; we think that, in the generality of cases, these couplets, almost always dragged in *à propos de bottles*, retard the movement, and impair the illusion of the piece. But be that as it may, whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well, and so long as the fashion exists, it should be properly carried out. M. Ragani is sending out his circulars for the ensuing season; his list of singers does not offer a very brilliant programme.

HEALTH OF THE FLEET AT BALTSCHIK BAY.

(From a Correspondent.)

24th July, 1854.

I am truly delighted to be able to give you a very much better account of the health of the fleet—neither *Britannia*, *Albion*, *Trafalgar*, nor *Furious* has had a fresh case of cholera for nearly forty-eight hours, I believe; and though there are still many sick, some of whom may not recover, we earnestly hope that the disease is checked and passing away. The men are plucking up their spirits—for many a fine fellow, who would fight like a hero in the day of battle, gets cowed before this terrible silent foe. But this feeling never prevented them from nursing their dying messmates—frequently four nurses to one sick man, each rubbing an arm or a leg. Let us trust that this has all passed away, now that we have had a day or two of cool north wind, and some sharp rain. The vacancies are filled up, and all are ready and eager for any service which the authorities may decide upon.

THE CRIMEA EXPEDITION.

It is now five weeks since the *Times* announced that on a certain day the expedition to take Sebastopol would sail from Varna on the 6th of August, and we are still without positive intelligence of that movement having been made. The *Moniteur*, which ought to be correct, announced on Thursday morning the departure of the French and Turkish divisions of the expedition against the Crimea on the 5th; and added, that the British fleet was to join them at Serpent Isle. On the other hand, the Constantinople correspondent of a morning paper, which is supposed to have some connection with the War-Office, gives the following information:—

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 7.—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, orders were sent to Baltchik for the departure of the expedition against Sebastopol. It is stated, however, that at eleven o'clock a counter order was despatched.

The Austrian steamer *Custoza*, which arrived here to-day from Baltchik, states that twenty ships had already left that port. The remainder were still there on the evening of the 6th.

The latest reliable information from Varna, which is only to the 1st inst., speak of the expedition as having embarked, but the order to sail had not been given. The three squadrons were to leave on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. Some 500 private sailing-vessels, towed by hired and even purchased steamers, had put to sea. They had munitions of war on board, such as pontoons, siege-guns, large flat-bottomed boats, provisions, canvas for tents, boards for barracks, &c. The army was supposed to consist of 90,000 men—namely, 40,000 French, 20,000 English, 10,000 Turks, 10,000 Egyptians, 5000 Tunisians, and 5000 men of other nationalities. In addition to these, the fleet has 25,000 sailors and 3000 guns. All the troops which were at Gallipoli and Constantinople will share in the expedition, and consequently left earlier than the forces collected at Varna.

The *Journal des Débats*, of Wednesday, says:—

The debarkation will be effected at a point near the mouth of the river Katcha, where there is about fifteen fathoms water. It is the same point that was observed by Generals Canrobert and Brown. As the ships can approach very near the shore, their guns will destroy all the land artillery which can be opposed to the invading force. Once ashore, the troops will immediately begin to intrench themselves, and they will repel with the bayonet all the assaults of the Russian troops. The landing effected, the Russian army must be beaten in the field, and possession taken of the heights which command the city. The amount of the Russian forces in the Crimea is unknown. It is possible that their plan will be to retire, ravaging the country as they pass through it, in order to destroy its resources. But the invading forces will be provided for, and they will be in a climate which is the best of those regions. The Russian troops having been overcome, Sebastopol will be invested. It is possible that the Russian engineers have constructed formidable entrenchments with redoubts, surrounding and commanding the city. But the Russians have not the command of the sea; and, besides, there are several points beyond the circuit of Sebastopol, from which both the city and the port are assailable. It appears that the besieging artillery can enfilade the port in a manner that will compel the Russian fleet either to remain to be destroyed, or to go out and fight; and it appears also that the capture of Fort Constantine, which is not less pregnable than Bomarsund, will promptly terminate the siege. Whether these projects can be more or less rapidly and exactly realised, the general opinion is that the expedition, once commenced, will be prosecuted with vigour and with complete success.

A letter from Odessa asserts that at Sebastopol the intention is to resist vigorously. Forts are being built to protect the coasts at a distance of four leagues from Sebastopol. A mass of fire-ships are being prepared to be sent against the vessels of the enemy. In addition to the usual garrison at Sebastopol, there are 60,000 men in the camp established near the town, and reinforcements are constantly arriving. The excitement that prevails at Odessa is also said to be very great. Almost all the corn has been removed to Tiraspol, the women and children have been sent away, and the pavement is up. Reinforcements arrive day after day from Novomirgorod, but they at once move on towards Ackerman and Kilia. The military men at Odessa are inclined to believe that the whole force of the Allies will be directed against Sebastopol, but still the male population of Odessa is drilled every day for several hours. The fortifications of Oozakoff and Kherson are being strengthened in every possible way, and Prince Menschikoff, who will conduct the defence of Sebastopol, attaches extreme importance to those two places. On the 24th of last month, Prince Menschikoff was at Perekop, inspecting the fortifications, "and boxed a Major's ears for requiring to be told the same thing twice." On the 30th August, the following proclamation was posted on the walls:—

To the Inhabitants of Odessa.—The enemy is again seen, in greater force than ever before, at no great distance from our city. We are armed and well prepared. Any attempt made by the enemy to land will be energetically resisted, but the guns of his vessels have a very long range. Do not loose courage, but keep wet cloths and hides of oxen prepared to cast over any shells which may be thrown into the city. Tubs full of water must be kept on the roofs of the houses, so that any fire may be at once extinguished. Should the enemy, however, carry on the war with obstinacy under protection of his guns, we will retire to Tiraspol, after having reduced the city to ruins and ashes, so that no asylum may be found. We be to those who may remain behind or attempt to extinguish the fire. August 30, 1854. KRUSENSTERN, Governor.

The following is the text of the proclamation which was put on the order of the day of the army of the East by Marshal de St. Arnaud, on the 25th:—

Soldiers.—You have just given fine examples of perseverance, calmness, and energy, in the midst of painful circumstances which must now be forgotten. The hour is come to fight and to conquer. The enemy did not wait for us on the Danube. His columns, demoralized and destroyed by disease, are painfully retreating. It is Providence, perhaps, that has wished to spare us the trial of these unhealthy countries; it is Providence, also, which calls us into the Crimea—a country as healthy as our own, and to Sebastopol, the seat of Russian power, in those walls where we go to seek together the pledge of peace, and of our return to our homes. The enterprise is grand and worthy of you. You will realize it by the aid of the most formidable military and naval force that has ever been seen collected. The Allied fleets, with their 3000 cannons and their 25,000 brave seamen, your emulators and your companions in arms, will bear to the shores of the Crimea an English army whose high courage your forefathers learnt to respect, a chosen division of those Ottoman soldiers who have just proved themselves in your eyes, and a French army which I have the right and the pride to call the *élite* of our whole army. I see in this more than pledges of success. I see in it success itself. Generals, commanders of corps, officers of all arms, you will partake of the confidence with which my mind is filled, and will impart it to your soldiers. We shall soon salute the three united flags floating together on the ramparts of Sebastopol with our national cry "Vive l'Empereur!" Head-quarters, Varna, August 25. A. DE ST. ARNAUD.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

The late defeat of the Turkish armies of Asia, at Bayazid and Kurukdere, and the consequent interception of all communication between Trebizond and Persia, have given a serious blow to all trade, and especially to British trade, with that country. These defeats were said to have caused a loss to British commerce in the East, of between two and three millions sterling per annum; but this appears to be rather an exaggeration. Besides, it seems questionable whether the Russians will be able to obtain any advantage from their recent victories in that quarter. Letters from Erzeroum, dated the 17th ult., state that the Russians had abandoned Bayazid, which had been again occupied by the Turks. An English courier, who arrived from Tabraez at Erzeroum on the 17th, had announced that the road was entirely free between those two cities, and a caravan, consisting of 1500 horses, was accordingly preparing to leave Erzeroum for Persia. The battle of Kurukdere has, no doubt, induced the Russian troops in possession of Bayazid, to fall back on the army of Geumri, for the losses suffered by the Russians at Kurukdere, must have been very serious if, as Russian deserters have declared at Kars, they had from 10,000 to 11,000 out of 23,000, put *hors de combat*.

Letters from Constantinople ascribe the retreat of the Russians to the alarm caused by the successes of Schamyl, who had come suddenly down from the mountains, at the head of 16,000 horsemen, at a time when the Russians were off their guard, and ravaged 200 villages with fire and sword. A large amount of booty was taken by the Circassians, and also a number of captives, including forty Russian ladies. The latest reports spoke of Schamyl as being within a few leagues of Tiflis.

ARRIVAL OF MARSHAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS AT BERLIN.—Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, who arrived at Berlin from Dantzic on the 10th inst., received at that city the Marshal's bâton from the hands of an Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor. M. Moustier, the French Ambassador, paid a long visit to the Marshal, who was accompanied by General Giel Colonels St. Loyal and de Rochehouet, Intendant Petit, and Captain Melin (Aide-de-Camp).

THE ALLIED FLEETS IN THE BALTIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 3, 1854.

The recent quarantine regulations—which prohibit any intercourse with Bomarsund or the Allied fleets, except at the expense of a troublesome detention—have rendered the intercourse between this place and the forces very inconvenient. It is difficult, even at great cost, to induce the owners of steamers or smacks to undertake the passage; and all regular intercourse, even for the public service, is suspended. The fleet is, however, pretty much *in statu quo*, save and except that all the English force (Marines) has been re-embarked; and that a portion of the French squadron has been performing a reconnoitring cruise amongst the interminable channels and islands which skirt these coasts. The chief part of the French troops have also been re-embarked, not more than 2000 men remaining in the cantonments, and the work of demolition being in full progress.

The *Vendame*, 100, and the *Virginie* frigate, had arrived at Waxholm for supplies on the 30th ult.; but, finding themselves excluded from intercourse with the people here by the quarantine regulations which had just been promulgated, they weighed again yesterday—intending, as I am informed, to proceed to Copenhagen or Dantzic for stores, whereby the Swedes will lose the advantage of the trade.

The *Austerlitz*, screw, 100 (90 guns actually mounted), is still at Waxholm, receiving her supplies, and attracting crowds of pleasure parties from hence to inspect her magnificent equipments, which are freely and politely exhibited by her officers. After returning to Ledsund this vessel is expected to be ordered to Brest, towards the end of next month, for the winter. There is no English armed vessel here at present, owing, I believe, to the quarantine regulations; as the former arrangement had been that two vessels in company—the one English, and the other French—should visit Waxholm by turns, to obtain provisions, coals, and so forth.

Hitherto the people of Stockholm and its neighbourhood had been reaping a glorious harvest in supplying these ships, charging enormous prices, and getting rid of very inferior stock. Miserable little sheep have been sold at £1 each; and small fleshless animals, by way of bullocks, as high as £4 and £5 each; whilst at Bomarsund the troops have been charged as high as 800 francs for a lean bullock—all prices which are quite out of character where money is so scarce and valuable as it is here. As to the Aland people, they appear to entertain the highest respect for the *cash* of the Allies; and, relieved from the immediate surveillance of Russian commandants, they avail themselves eagerly enough of the glorious market which is offered for their produce. But, as to entertaining any *sentiment* or political predilection in the quarrel, I do not think they dream of such a thing; the truth being that, whether under the dominion of Russian bayonets and cannon, or that of the impoverished, extortionate, grinding Swedish nobles, their condition is much the same. In either case they are mere serfs, in a state of complete dependence. The reason of this is, that the whole of the native or Swedish population of these manifold rocky, fir-covered islands are mere peasants, combining, with that of pasture and cultivation (on a very small scale), the occupation of fishermen.

As far as the destruction of the few straggling buildings or huts adjacent to the military works of Bomarsund, and called the town, is concerned, its importance may be estimated by judging of the space heretofore covered, by the nature of the remnants, and by the character of the houses which remain. The town, in fact, was a mere hamlet of detached slab huts and sheds. There is now no object of interest about the place; there is positively nothing for the pencil, and the recollections only are attached to the name.

In the more important towns of Sweden, the popular feeling in favour of the Allies runs high; and in all the districts in which the peasantry are more or less in constant intercourse with the manufacturing and trading classes, all alike participate in the anti-Russian enthusiasm. But the Government here is very little affected by the force of popular opinion; and, if there be a disposition in a considerable section of the Executive and its supporters to take an active part in the Turkish question, in its complications, this tendency is checked to a great extent by the bias of that portion of the nobility which is entirely in the Russian interest. It is to external policy that the accession of Sweden to the Western Alliance will be due.

The Russian prisoners, and the few connected with the Government at Bomarsund, who managed to make their escape hither across the numerous floods, or creeks, which separate this from the position about Aland, seem mostly to consist of men of the lowest cast of intelligence. The corps of the Guards, which formed part of the Russian garrison of Bomarsund, alone comprises men apparently of superior caste. All alike are very reserved on matters of politics. They affect not to understand any inquiries on the subject of the internal affairs of the Empire, as connected with the present war. But they say almost unanimously that "the Russians are fully aware of the impossibility of holding out more than another season against the combined movements with which they are threatened in the spring. Albeit the Emperor is determined to continue the contest, and to trust to intrigue and the chapter of accidents." They also state that "they were paralysed and thunderstruck when they suddenly observed the combined fleet taking up its position from the south side of Bomarsund; inasmuch as it was the prevalent opinion that the place was not accessible from that quarter; but only on the northern side, where, indeed, it was protected by out-works fully prepared for resistance." This, however, is only true in part.

It is understood in the fleet, and amongst the troops, that no farther operations, beyond mere excursions of observation, will be undertaken this season.

The prevailing impression seems to be that the Baltic campaign is at an end for the season, although no formal announcement to that effect has been made. As regards the Allied fleets in that quarter the *Moniteur de la Flotte* gives the following contradiction to the statement that the whole of the French Baltic squadron will return to France in October:—

The *Messenger de la Manche* announces as positive, the arrival, next month, at Cherbourg, of the entire of our Baltic squadron. This report, if not entirely groundless, is at least premature, as there is nothing official known as yet on the subject. England herself is undecided what she will do with her ships. The sailing-vessels are recalled, but the steamers have received no such orders. Probably the latter will only retire by degrees, according as they shall be driven out by the ice, and this happens some seasons earlier than others. Besides, we may be certain that, as long as an English vessel remains in the Baltic, we shall see a French vessel sharing the same fatigues and dangers.

Extensive preparations are said to be making in the French war and navy departments, in anticipation of a spring campaign. A newly-invented rocket, said to produce most wonderful effects, is now being tried by a military commission; and siege guns, carrying a distance of upwards of five miles, destined to batter the granite walls of Cronstadt, are being cast in the Imperial foundry of Ruelle. They are all to be ready by next March.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FORTIFICATIONS AT ALAND.

The fortresses that stood upon the Aland islands are amongst the things that were. Mines were sprung beneath them on the 30th and 31st August and 2nd September. The fort of Ize, after it had fallen into the hands of the French, was shelled from the Russian mainwork. It took fire, and blew up on the morning of the 15th ult. Prasto was fired on the 30th; its destruction was complete. The explosions took place in quick succession; on the third the entire fort seemed to open out and then went upwards amidst a thick volume of smoke. All the hewn granite which formed the outer casing of its walls slipped over the tongue of land upon which it was built into the sea, leaving a heap of bricks and rubble on its site. Notch was destroyed on the following day. The first explosion was like a clap of the loudest thunder, followed by four or five

successive discharges not unlike a salute from heavy guns. Its walls visibly started on the first report, and these shot upwards, enveloped in a cloud of the heaviest and densest smoke, which floated heavily away over the ruins of Prasto. Stones and splinters came down in a shower upon the surrounding rocks, and when the curtain of smoke had withdrawn itself from over the debris, two shaken portions of the circular tower were still standing, like solitary sentinels, over the fallen fort, and served only to render the picture of ruin more striking and impressive. The main work, or semicircular fort, was destroyed on Saturday evening, the 2nd inst. It was riven asunder by several grand explosions. The whole appearance of the place from the ships now presents a melancholy picture of desolation, and has lost all its distinguishing marks. The forts, so lately models of strength and beauty, are effaced from the landscape. The village, which formed so conspicuous an object, has disappeared by fire; and the beautiful trees, now scorched and shorn, stand like dismal spectres, throwing off clouds of soot with every breeze.

A small Russian steamer, to the surprise of the French and English, made her way through the islands, and appeared off Bomarsund in time to see the main fort blown up, on the evening of the 2nd inst. She carried a flag of truce, but this was considered a piece of expediency on her part. Her real object, without doubt, was to see what had been done to the fortresses, &c. She stated that she left Helsingfors with the view of embarking the wives and families of the Russian prisoners, and not having met an English man-of-war in her passage through the Gulf of Finland, she concluded the blockade was raised, and she pushed on for Bomarsund! The Admiral was going to detain her; but, although her conduct was doubtful, he subsequently allowed her to return.

THE RUSSIAN RETREAT.—SPIRITED CONDUCT OF THE WALLACHIAN MILITIA.

The Russian army in the Principalities continues to move homeward, at a rather slow pace, trusting to the friendly presence of the Austrians for protection from the Turkish army.

On the morning of the 5th the Austrian troops entered Bucharest. Omer Pacha received them at the head of a Turkish division and a detachment of the Wallachian Militia, outside the gate of the Padu Mogoschoy; where the Catholic and Greek clergy, the members of the Administration, some of the Boyards, and a dense crowd of citizens, were assembled. Count Coronini, the Commander of the Austrian Corps of Occupation, and the Turkish Sirdar, rode at the head of the troops.

The Russians are terribly enraged at the refusal of the Moldavian militia to take arms under the Czar. On the 26th ult. it was rumoured at Jassy that the experiment tried with the militia in Wallachia was to be renewed in Moldavia, and the officers immediately demanded an explanation of the Commander of the Militia, the Heiman Nicholas Maurocordato. That nobleman explained that he had just received orders from General Osten-Sacken to send the artillery and cavalry to the Russian army. The officers, one and all, declared that they would not go; and Maurocordato in vain attempted to shake their resolution to oppose the will of the Russian Commander. On learning what had occurred, General Osten-Sacken sent for the officers, and threatened to send them to the army by forcible means if they refused to go voluntarily. To this Philipesco, who commands the artillery, replied that they were prepared to lay down their lives in defence of their country, "but would never obey the Russian order, which was opposed to their duty to their country and to their illustrious Sazeraim, whose ancestor, Mahmoud II., had restored to them the national flag." This speech greatly displeased Osten-Sacken, who, after having sent the officers back to their barracks, informed General Budberg of what had occurred. The latter went at once to the officers, and did all in his power to induce them to yield. When offers of money, honours, &c., had failed, he tried menaces; but all was in vain. The Governor-General was at last so exasperated at this unexpected firmness that he lost all command over his temper, and indulged in language most unbecoming for a gentleman. At last he exclaimed, "Be prepared to march." To this Philipesco returned a reply like that before given to Osten-Sacken. Hardly had he concluded when the Russian General lifted up his hand as if to strike him, and thundered out, "Au corps-de-garde, coquin! au corps-de-garde!" (To the guard-house, rascal; to the guard-house!) The captain laid his hand on his sword, and replied, "Your Excellency will be pleased to remember that I am a soldier as well as yourself, and will allow no one to insult me." Budberg grew pale, but continued to vociferate, "Au corps-de-garde! au corps-de-garde!" Russian soldiers were ordered to disarm the officers. But they themselves threw their swords on the floor, at the feet of the Russian General. As soon as the "rebels" were secured, Baron Budberg went to the artillerymen, and by his order Maurocordato informed them that there was not one of them who was not more worthy than their commander, Philipesco. The bold reply to this was—"And our commander is more worthy than any foreign General!"

THE RUSSIAN REPLY TO AUSTRIA.

The reply of the Czar to the Austrian Note is said to consist of the following three points:—1. He professes to be astonished that Austria should have recommended the acceptance of such conditions without demanding concessions from the Western Powers. As Russia considered the evacuation of the Principalities a sacrifice, she hoped to find a corresponding inclination to yield on the part of the Powers. 2. He deems it strange that Austria should join in conditions which are foreign to its interests, if not absolutely contrary to the same. By increasing the strength of the Western Powers at the expense of Russia, the balance of power in Europe would be disturbed, and Austria and Germany would be too weak to maintain their position against the Maritime Powers. 3. The Emperor Nicholas will keep his word, and withdraw his forces to the left bank of the Pruth, but when within his own frontiers he will defend himself to the last against any and every attack.

This, so far as can be ascertained, is the substance of the Russian Reply; and the Emperor of Austria has decided that there is nothing in it which requires him to alter his course. Instead of making him join France and England, the last misdeed of the Czar has made the Emperor of Austria to come to the conclusion that he ought to wait and see what will happen next. The French Ministerial Journal, the *Pays*, in commenting upon this decision, blames Germany for having caused the present war, by holding back, and predicts that this "waiting for events may prove very bad policy for Germany."

From the first day (says the *Pays*), if the German Powers had frankly and resolutely pronounced in favour of the sacred cause which France and England had undertaken to defend, matters would not certainly have arrived at the extreme point at which they now are. The Czar would have perceived more promptly his isolation, and would have stopped short in the fatal path on which he had entered. The hesitation of Germany has been the manifest cause of all the complications which have successively arisen, and which have rendered every hope of a peaceful issue impossible.

The duty of statesmen is to leave as little as possible to chance. But the present abstention of Germany, or of a part of the German States, in the great war of the West against Russia would deliver up the whole question to the fate of arms, and to its doubtful consequences. We may add, that that would be the annihilation of these States, and that nothing would better justify the humiliating expression of the Czar to Sir H. Seymour, that "there was not any occasion to pay attention to the opinion of Prussia and Austria, and that the affairs of the world would be regulated without them between Russia, France, and England. The truth is that this immense question of modern times is being regulated at present between Russia, England, and France. It is not to the Board of Green Cloth at Vienna that the eyes of the world are directed, but to the Baltic, where the ruins of Bomarsund are still smoking, and to the Black Sea, where our fleets and armies are about to attack Sebastopol. France and England are, therefore, expending their blood and their treasures to preserve Europe from the Muscovite yoke; and if they are allowed to bring that great enterprise to an end by themselves, it will not be astonishing to see them, after success, paying less attention than they would do at present to the private interests of the States which they had invited to join in the struggle, and which narrow considerations may still keep away from them.

REMARKABLE PRUSSIAN CIRCULAR.

It would appear, from a circular which the Prussian Government has addressed to all its Envoys at the secondary German Courts, that the latter will shortly be called to come to a resolution respecting the attitude of the Confederation towards Russia. The Prussian Government tells its Envoys that, although, for the sake of peace, it supported at St. Petersburg the four points insisted on by the Western Powers, it does not think they are indispensable in a German point of view. The common protectorate, it fancies, would be attended with difficulty, and might bring harm to Germany. The King of Prussia cannot, therefore, recommend his German Allies to accede to the four conditions in such a manner as to incur, on their account expenses and obligations not commanded by the spirit and end of the Austro-Prussian convention. He hopes that the Emperor of Austria will take this view of the case, and adhere to it, as becomes a German prince; and also hopes that the Emperor, seeing his own States are guaranteed

against attack from the side of Russia, will abstain from every act of aggression against Russia, and avoid all complication not necessary for the protection of German interests, and to which the convention does not apply.

It seems to follow from this that the King of Prussia wishes the Emperor to believe that even the free navigation of the Danube is not "indispensable in a German point of view."

AMERICA.

The mail steam-ship *America*, which left Boston on the 30th ult., arrived at Liverpool on Monday. The most important political news relates to the late proceedings in Central America, which threaten to breed a quarrel. Captain Hollins, of the United States frigate *Cyane*, had been arrested and held to bail by one of the sufferers by the bombardment of Greytown. The damages were laid at a considerable amount. Captain Hollins was bailed in 20,000 dollars. It is said that the President intended to support him through the matter.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Courier and Enquirer* says:—

I ascertain that an important correspondence has occurred between Secretary Buchanan and the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Clarendon re-asserts the British territorial claims on Central America, founded on the Mosquito protectorate. Buchanan denies them in two elaborate notes, and demands an unconditional relinquishment of the protectorate. It is understood that our Government has determined to adopt decisive measures to obtain the complete evacuation of Central America, as stipulated by the Clayton and Bulwer Convention.

A very great drought is said to have prevailed this season over a great part of the United States and portions of the British provinces, the effects of which may be very serious. In the United States much of the corn and other crops will be nearly an entire failure. Cattle have nearly perished for want of sustenance, and with the failure in corn, the hog stock will of course fall short.

From Lower Canada, there are also accounts of the serious effects of a long-continued drought there. Some of the crops will be very deficient, and there has neither been pasture to keep the cattle in condition during summer, nor will there be fodder to maintain them during winter.

The Savannah papers speak of a great panic prevailing in that city, growing out of the yellow fever. The citizens were rapidly leaving, the disease showing no signs of abatement.

At Charlestown great uneasiness was also manifested, and preparations were making to open a yellow fever hospital, should the disease become epidemic.

MORE GREEK DISTURBANCES.—It is suspected that King Otho, not sufficiently warned by the severe lesson he received in the summer, is again contriving how to get up troubles in Greece. It has been observed that he ceases to hold any communication with his Minister of the Interior. The French Government keeps a wary eye upon this silly Monarch's proceedings.

THE IRISH FLAX CROP.—A return of the flax crop in Ireland in the present year—compiled, by direction of the Lord-Lieutenant, from the agricultural returns obtained by the constabulary—shows a total decrease to the extent of 15,341 acres. The quantity grown in 1853 was 174,579 acres, in 1854 it was 159,238. The chief cause of this falling off was the very high price of corn, which had induced the Ulster farmers to cultivate wheat in preference to flax.

QUEEN CHRISTINA IN LISBON.—The brain-fever from which Queen Christina was said to be suffering, turns out to have been a mere telegraphic invention; at least, the accounts received from Lisbon of her arrival there make no reference to it. On the 8th inst. a despatch from Vendas Novas announced that she had started from that town for Lisbon. A guard of honour was appointed to attend her, and carriages from the King's stables were dispatched to the arsenal, to be in readiness to receive her on her disembarking from the steamer-of-war, *Condé de Tolal*. Orders were issued for the ships of war and forts to fire a Royal salute, if the Queen crossed the river before dusk. Viscount Athouguia, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, went to Aldea Galega to pay his respects to the fugitive Queen, who landed at four o'clock next morning, and proceeded to the house of the Spanish Minister, Senhor Alcala Galiane. Her Majesty, who travels under the name of the Countess Recumeni, was expected to take her departure in the course of a few days, on board the French war-steamer the *Newton*.

THE KING OF SAXONY.

THERE are few things more anomalous in the world of politics than the position of the minor kingdoms and of the petty sovereignties of Germany. Like the Mediatized Princes in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey," their monarchs occupy an essentially false position; and the more they strive to emerge from it the more ridiculous they become. Among the kingdoms and principalities so placed may be cited Bavaria, in the south, and Saxony, in the north, of Germany: the former a kind of appendix to Austria; the latter, as if to balance its influence, occupying the same position towards Prussia. It is rarely that the Sovereigns of such States can emerge from mediocrity. Forced to play a subaltern part in the affairs of the great German Confederation, they can only escape a species of vassalage to their nearest neighbour, by effecting, or at least by hoping to join in, some union of minor States against the overwhelming preponderance of Austria and Prussia—a species of confederacy of which we have had an instance in the recent conferences at Bamberg. It is not surprising, therefore, that monarchs so situated should usually want the individual vigour and energy of character that would enable them, like the great Frederick, to rise to the first rank among European Sovereigns, or that they should content themselves with steadily regarding the internal administration of their dominions—while devoting themselves to some pursuit, either in art, in science, or in literature, which absorbs the mental activity that would otherwise expend itself in war or intrigue.

The little kingdom of Saxony, with its population scarcely larger than that of London, illustrates these remarks; and its late King was a striking instance of the anomalous position of the petty Sovereigns of Germany. During the greater part of his reign, however—whether after the troubles which led to his being associated in the Government with his father, or during the insurrectionary period of 1848-49, or more recently still, in the reaction which followed the suppression of the Democratic party throughout Europe—he was supported by the stronger and more worldly character of his brother, Duke John—a man of great vigour of character, with the despotic instincts of the feudal ages, and, like the Prince of Prussia, animated by a profound antagonism to Democracy in all shapes and forms. Take such a man and contrast him with Robert Blum, who was executed for his share in the late Vienna troubles, and you have the Alpha and Omega of the scale of political opinion in Germany. Both were natives of the same State, Saxony; and each believed that, in taking the course he did, he was best serving the interests, not only of the people of that State, but also of all Germany.

All those troubles had long since subsided; the King had been replaced on his throne by the aid of a Prussian army; the rebels of all degrees of intensity had either been crushed or otherwise reduced to silence; and his Majesty was free to resume his favourite botanical studies, when the accident which we recorded some time since, suddenly put an end to his existence, and called to the throne Duke John, the present King. His life had been passed chiefly in resistance to the encroachments of that revolutionary opinion which, ever since the peace of 1815, has more or less disturbed the peace of Germany. As the heir to the throne (the marriage of his brother, the late King, to the Princess Marie, of Bavaria, aunt of the Austrian Emperor, having produced no issue) he became the object of all the spare hatred of the Saxon people, whenever political excitement worked it up to fever heat. More than once he was obliged to leave the capital, to avoid the consequences of *émées*; and every unpopular act of the Government was more or less attributed to the influence of his reactionary spirit, though falsely, inasmuch as the Prime Minister of the country—the favourite of the late King—was all but absolute master in political affairs. In 1843 or 1844 a disturbance took place at Leipzig, on the occasion of some unpopular act of Duke John; in the course of which he was himself in serious danger, and several of the people were killed. The antagonism between him and the people was not confined to purely political causes: religion was also mixed up with it. The bulk of the population of Saxony are Protestant; while the Court professes the Roman Catholic religion. Not content with a negative antagonism to the faith of the people, Duke John always distinguished himself as a violent, and even a bigoted, partisan of the ultra-pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church.

From this source is apprehended some difficulty in the future politics of Saxony. In the hands of a man of vigour and intelligence, a kingdom even of such small dimensions may be made to play an important part in German politics; more especially at periods when there is any difference of policy or of action between Austria and Prussia. On the

other hand, if he pursues, as King, the same policy as when he was Duke John of Saxony—that is to say, if he gives rein to his ultra-Catholic tendencies, and joins in the effort of the Court of Rome to extend its spiritual dominion, as it has done in Baden and Bavaria—he will, in all probability, perpetuate towards himself, as King, the sentiments of hatred which were so liberally bestowed on him as heir-presumptive. His political opinions partake of the school of Metternich. When, in 1844, a Conference of Delegates of German Princes was held at Vienna, to “pronounce,” by the mouth of Metternich, against the Democratic opinions and intrigues which then agitated Germany, his present Majesty was foremost in expressing his entire sympathy with the views then enunciated on the part of the Absolutists. His position with regard to the question which now occupies Europe is that of a warm and decided partisan of Russia; not for the sake of Russian interests, but because he believes that the principle of royalty in Germany rests on the maintenance of Russian supremacy.

The King of Saxony is now fifty years old. He is married to the Princess Amelia, of Bavaria, the twin sister of the King of Prussia. It is a curious coincidence that the wife of the late King was also a twin sister—twin to the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the Emperor of Austria. His Majesty is more respected for his abilities than loved for his general character or opinions; but, if he avoids outraging the religious feelings of his subjects, it is probable that he will, like the late King of Hanover, find himself more popular, as the King in possession, than when, as heir presumptive, he was the centre of attraction for reactionary malcontents, and therefore an object of irritation to the disciples of Liberal views.

OPENING OF THE CAPE PARLIAMENT.

THE celebration of this auspicious event, which took place on Saturday, the 1st of July, appears, from the report in the *Cape Town Mail*, to have passed off with a degree of éclat, and under circumstances so favourable, as to afford a happy augury of the success that will attend the fulfilment of its high and important duties. The ceremony took place in the State-room, at Government House, but the idea of its taking place in the Legislative Council Chamber had only been given up so shortly before, that the greatest activity was required to complete in time the arrangements—which, considering the limited space at command, were excellent. The gallery was appropriated to the ladies, and a portion of the body of the room which was railed off was similarly occupied; those gentlemen who had received tickets being also admitted to this space—entering by one of the windows, to which a temporary staircase had been erected from the lawn. At the upper end of the room was placed the most conspicuous object in it—the Throne, which, we are told, “though simple in design, looked uncommonly well, and reflected great credit on the maker.” The space between it and the rail was devoted to the members of the Legislative Council, the Judges, and other high officials, and the *corps diplomatique* with their wives. The members of the Legislative Council occupied a prominent position, immediately on the right of the Throne, those of the House of Assembly occupying the opposite side.

At half past ten the gates facing Government Gardens, in which a large number of ladies and gentlemen had already congregated, were opened. The Guard of Honour, under the command of Captain Renny, 73rd Foot, with the colour of the regiment, and preceded by the band, shortly after made its appearance, and drew up on the lawn, in front of the verandah. The



JOHN, KING OF SAXONY.

grounds now presented a most animated appearance; and, having been kindly thrown open to all respectably-dressed persons, were soon filled with the hundreds attracted there by the gay scene and the enlivening music; amongst whom were numbers of ladies, who, on account of the small space inside, could not obtain tickets. Long before the appointed hour the visitors had arrived, and perhaps a more varied collection of uniforms and dresses has not been seen before at the Cape. There were the Judges in their purple gowns, the Bishop of Cape Town, and his Clergy in their collegiate dresses; several naval and military, and some Indian officers; and the more conspicuous, both on account of their number and their brilliant uniforms, were the several Foreign Consuls and diplomatic agents—the Turkish

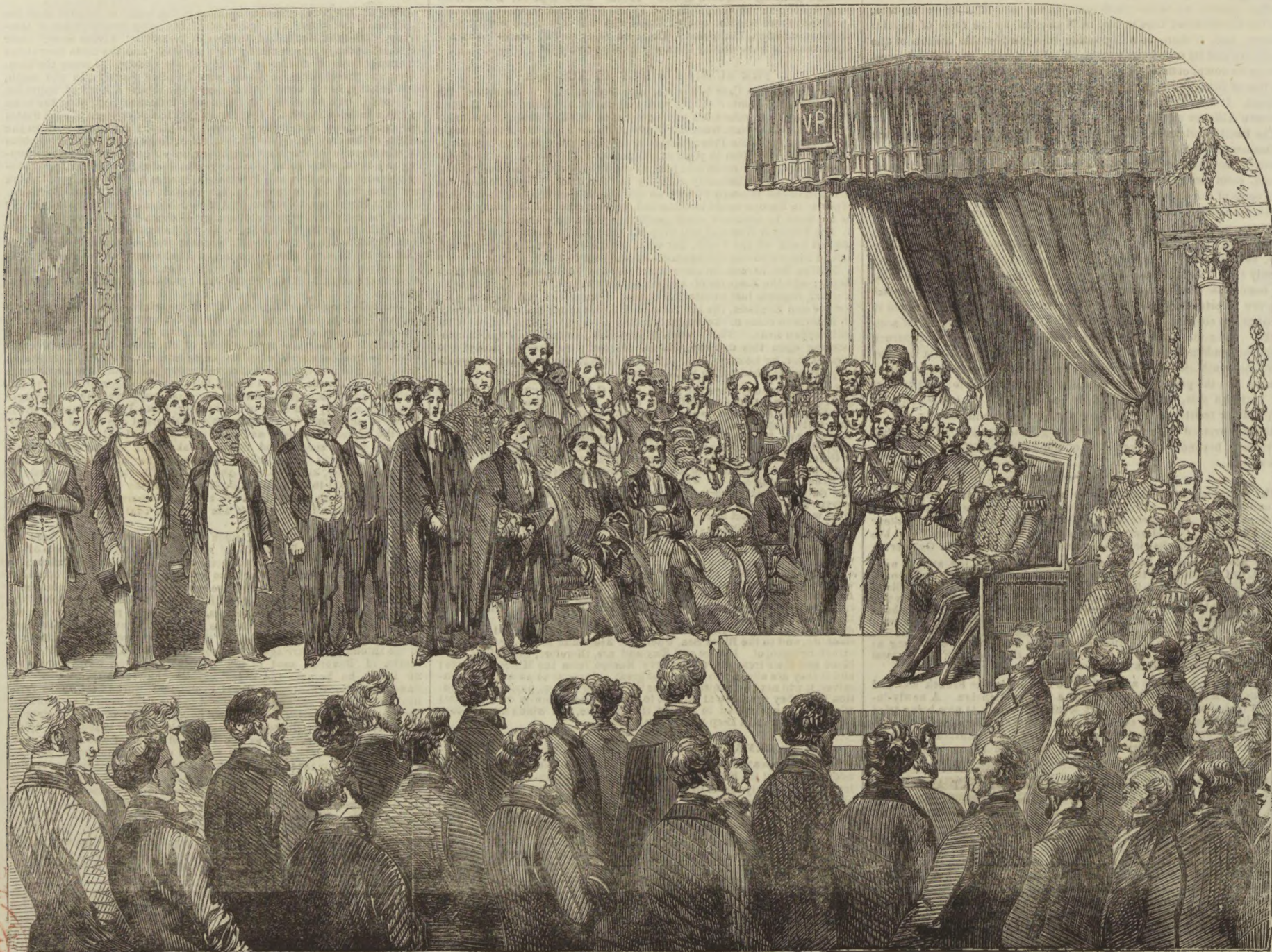
Consul with his fez, which, according to custom, he did not remove from his head, attracting much attention. Amongst those present were the several heads of departments, the English and Roman Catholic Bishops, the clergymen of the Dutch Reformed, and other Churches, and Mr. Freere, Senior Robello, Chevalier Duprat, and Mr. Maclay, of the British and Portuguese Mixed Commission.

At a quarter to twelve the Legislative Council, headed by their President, Sir John Wylde, in his robes, arrived and took their seats, when the Castle guns announced the approach of the Lieutenant-Governor. The guard presented arms, the band struck up “God Save the Queen;” and exactly at noon, accompanied by the Colonial Secretary and a numerous suite, he entered the room, ascended the throne, and took his seat. The Legislative Council rose to receive him, and were introduced to the Lieutenant-Governor by the Colonial Secretary. On resuming their seats, his Honour desired Mr. Boyle, the Clerk of the Executive Council, to proceed to the House of Assembly, and command the immediate attendance of the House. A few minutes after, the members of the Assembly, preceded by the Speaker, Mr. Advocate Brand, sen., in his robes, were conducted by Mr. Boyle into the room, and on the Speaker being introduced, took the place assigned them. The Lieutenant-Governor then received from the Colonial Secretary, who stood on his right (the private secretary being on his left), the opening speech, and both Houses standing, his Honour, in a clear and distinct voice, read the interesting document, which occupies about two columns and a half of the *Cape Town Mail*. In this, his maiden speech to the Colonial Parliament, which certainly bore a much stronger resemblance to an American President’s Message than it did to a Queen’s Speech, the Lieutenant-Governor adverted to the war with Russia, rendered necessary by “a desire to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which has violated the faith of treaties, and defies the opinion of the civilised world.” After referring to the enthusiastic resolutions passed by other colonies in support of the course taken by the Mother Country, he said, he felt assured that the aid of her Majesty’s loyal subjects of South Africa would not be found wanting in the event of its being needed. He then adverted to a number of the measures which were likely to come under discussion, and expressed a hope that the beneficent wishes of her Majesty in granting free institutions to that community would be fulfilled.

A suppressed but hearty cheer greeted the conclusion of this speech; and the Colonial Secretary, receiving it back, placed a copy in the hands of the President, and another in the hands of the Speaker. His Honour then rose, and making his obeisance severally to the two Houses, accompanied by his staff, withdrew, the guard presenting arms, and the band playing as he crossed along the stoep. Immediately on the departure of the Lieutenant-Governor, both Houses withdrew to their respective Chambers, and the visitors dispersed; many of those, however, who were to attend the levee remaining about the stoep and ground, the band being still in attendance. With this the ceremony concluded, the utmost quietness and decorum having been preserved throughout.

At half-past one, the Lieutenant-Governor held a levee in the large drawing-room of Government House, which, in addition to the members of both Houses, the officials, clergy, the Foreign Consuls, and others who had been present at the opening of Parliament, was attended also by an unusually large number of the most respectable inhabitants.

The accompanying Scene is taken from a Drawing executed for the Lieutenant-Governor: it represents the ceremony in the state-room at Government House.



OPENING OF THE FIRST CAPE PARLIAMENT, IN THE STATE-ROOM, CAPE TOWN.

THE DONCASTER RACE PLATE.

THIS superb piece of plate (the "Doncaster Cup") has just been executed at the establishment of Messrs. Garrard, Haymarket, and is an admirable specimen of British art-manufacture. The horses introduced into the group of figures are after models by the well-known artist, Mr. Cotterill; the figures and the accessories are by Mr. Spencer. There are four statues—two being equestrian, and two on foot. The principal equestrian figure represents Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., whilst riding through the ranks of the English army immediately before the commencement of the battle of Neville's-cross, in the county of Durham, on October the 17th, in the year 1347. The battle was contested with great bravery on both sides, and many of the incidents connected with it are chronicled by Froissart in his picturesque manner. There were no less than fifteen, or, according to some writers, twenty thousand Scots slain on the field and in the pursuit. The principal persons who distinguished themselves on the occasion were William la Zouche, Archbishop of York, a fine old specimen of the "church militant;" Gilbert de Umfraville, Earl of Angus; Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Ralph Neville, William Dayncourt, and Henry Scrope. The English Queen proved herself a worthy partner of her chivalrous husband, and, by her gallant demeanour, aroused the valour of her subjects to the highest pitch. The Scotch King, David Bruce, who opposed her, showed himself a worthy descendant of his ancestor, Robert Bruce. Though he had two spears hanging in his body, his legs dreadfully wounded, and his sword beat out of his hand, disdaining captivity, he provoked the English by opprobrious language to kill him; and when John Copland, the Governor of Roxburgh Castle, advised him to yield, he struck him on his face so fiercely with his gauntlet that he knocked out two of his teeth. He was, however, conveyed out of the field by Copland, who refused to deliver him up to anybody but the King, who accordingly ordered Copland to come to him at Calais, and created him a Knight Banneret. The Scotch King was afterwards taken to Windsor Castle; and in the Round Tower may be seen the armour he wore in the memorable battle.

In the present group, Queen Philippa is habited in the quaint costume of the fourteenth century, and her head is surmounted by the ancient towering cap or head-dress peculiar to the provinces of Normandy. A figure in complete armour, hauberk of chain mail, with plated scales and vizored helmet, carries the Royal Standard of England; and two other figures represent a man-at-arms and an English archer with six-foot bow and arrows of a cloth yard long. The design is full of chivalrous spirit, and the metal work is very elaborate; so that this piece of Plate will bear comparison with anything of the sort that has hitherto been produced.

MAROCCHETTI'S STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

THE ceremonial of the erection of the Equestrian Statue of her Majesty in St. Vincent-place, Glasgow, took place on Wednesday week, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. The weather was most propitious, and the proceedings passed off in a manner which must have been highly satisfactory to all who had the pleasure of witnessing the inauguration of what is said to be "by far the finest statue of Queen Victoria that has yet been produced." The circumstances which gave origin to the idea of rearing this Statue, and the proceedings which were adopted in order to bring it to a successful issue were as follows:—Her Majesty Queen Victoria, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Royal children, paid a visit to Glasgow, as our readers will remember, on the 14th of August, 1849. The reception was such as it became the Corporation of the mercantile metropolis of Scotland to give; and her Majesty was pleased to express herself in terms of admiration in reference to the whole arrangements. Subsequently a public meeting of the citizens was held, when it was resolved that the Royal visit should be commemorated by a suitable memorial. At a future stage a preliminary committee reported that an Equestrian Statue of the Queen was the most appropriate memorial that could be erected; and on the

29th of August, 1850, a numerous committee was appointed to carry the resolution into effect. After making due inquiry, and after their chairman, Sir James Anderson, had the honour of an interview with his Royal Highness Prince Albert on the subject, the committee unanimously agreed that the Baron Marochetti should be employed as the architect to execute the Statue. A contract was accordingly entered into with the Baron, by which he became bound to design, finish, and erect the Statue for the net proceeds of the subscriptions under the charge of the Committee; the equestrian group and the bas-reliefs to be of the finest monumental bronze; the pedestal to be entirely of the best granite, of the Baron's selection; and the interior of good and substantial mason work, or of granite, as he might prefer.

The Statue arrived in Glasgow by the direct steamer from London on

Wednesday, the 20th ult., and the pedestal being then in course of erection, it was resolved that the inauguration should take place on Wednesday, the 6th inst.; and that, in addition to the Committee and the whole of the subscribers to the statue, the following parties should be invited to assist at the ceremonial, viz:—The Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, the Sheriff of the County, the Principal and Professors of the University, the Dean of Guild and Directors of the Merchants' House, the Deacon Convener and Directors of the Trades' House, Colonel Poole, and the Officers of the Garrison in Glasgow.

Early on Wednesday morning, preparations were made for the accommodation of the public to witness the ceremonial, and the streets in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Vincent-place were barricaded. By ten o'clock crowds had begun to assemble, and before twelve every spot from which a glimpse of the Statue could be obtained was densely thronged. The windows around presented a brilliant display of feminine beauty: the house-tops had also their quota of spectators; and flags flaunted from the hotels in George-square and various eminences around.

THE PROCESSION.

According to arrangement, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, and the other parties mentioned above, assembled in the Council-hall at half-past eleven o'clock, and at about twelve proceeded in the following order to St. Vincent-place, by Wilson-street, Glassford-street, Ingram-street, Queen-street, George-street, and Buchanan-street:—

Police.	QUEEN'S OWN.	Police.
1 Inspector.	Party of Police.	1 Inspector.
1 Sergeant.	Superintendent of Police.	1 Sergeant.
1 Sergeant.	Assistant Superintendents.	1 Sergeant.
	Town Officers.	
	THE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, AND TOWN COUNCIL,	
	Three and Three.	
	THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY.	
	Dean of Guild	
	and	
	Directors of the Merchants' House, three and three.	
	Deacon Convener and Trades' House, Three and Three.	
	Principal and Professors of the University of Glasgow, Three and Three.	
	Architectural Institute of Scotland, Three and Three.	
	The Officers in Garrison and Strangers, Three and Three.	
	The Subscribers to the Statue and Baron Marochetti, Three and Three.	
	Queen's Own.	

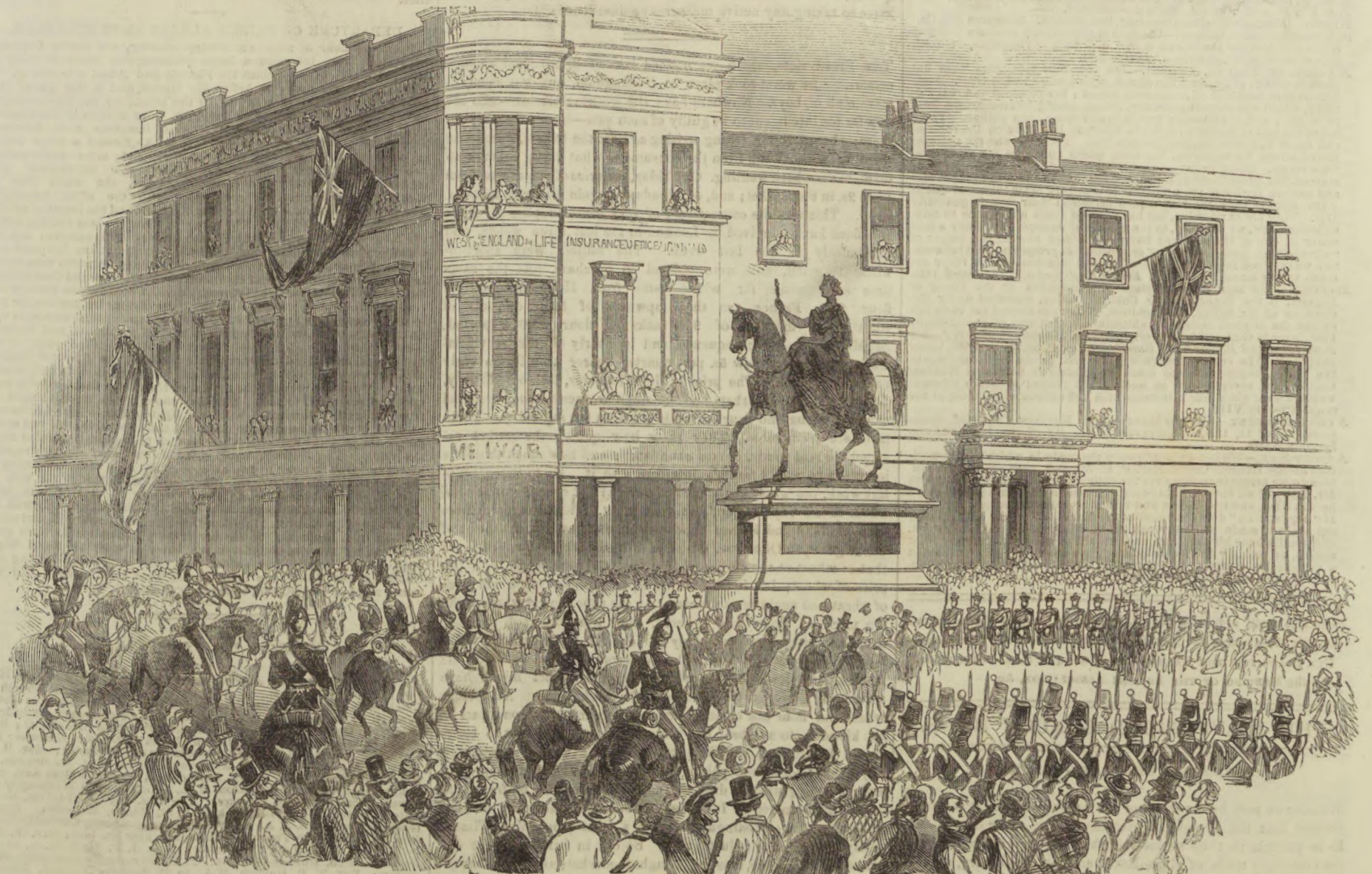
Among the gentlemen assembled at the County Chambers not connected with the Town-council, were Sir Archibald Alison, Bart, Baron Marochetti, the Very Rev. Principal Macfarlan, the Right Rev. Bishop Trower, Sir James Anderson, M.P., Mr. Hastie, M.P. for the city, Rev. Dr. Buchanan, the Lord Dean of Guild, the Deacon Convener of the Trades' House, Mr. Henderson of Park, Mr. S. R. Brown, Professor Laurie, Mr. W. Murray of Monklands, Mr. Findlay of Easterhill, Mr. Wilson (superintendent of the School of Arts), the French Consul, Mr. W. P. Paton, Mr. King of Hurler, the Officers of the 82nd Regiment, in full uniform, &c.

Sir James Anderson, M.P., as Chairman of the Committee appointed to superintend the work, after a short sketch of the circumstances which had led to the erection of this memorial of her Majesty's visit to Glasgow, said, he had much pleasure, in the name of the subscribers, in handing over to the magistrates and Town-council this splendid work of art, to be possessed by them in all time coming. The value of such ornamental works in improving taste and elevating the minds of the people was universally felt and acknowledged; and he had no doubt that this contribution to the artistic wealth of their city would be cordially received, carefully preserved, and highly valued by the citizens of Glasgow to the latest generation.

The Lord Provost having delivered a very neat and appropriate speech, in reply, the covering was removed, and the Statue of her Majesty presented to the thousands assembled, who testified their admiration of the noble work of art by loud and reiterated cheers. The band of the Queen's Own and the Veteran Battalion then struck up the National Anthem, which was performed amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. On the motion of the Lord Provost, three cheers were given for Baron Marochetti. The Baron bowed his acknowledgments. After the ceremony, the gentlemen forming the procession left the en-



THE DONCASTER RACE PLATE, 1854.—QUEEN PHILIPPA BEFORE THE BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS.



INAUGURATION OF MAROCCHETTI'S STATUE OF HER MAJESTY, AT GLASGOW.

closure by the east end of St. Vincent-place, and the military by the west end, passing in front of the Statue.

The Hon. Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, and his niece, Miss Lane, were present, with the lady of the Lord Provost, at the inauguration of her Majesty's Statue. After the ceremony, the distinguished party, under the charge of the Lord Provost and his lady, proceeded to visit the Cathedral and other notable sights of the metropolis of the west of Scotland.

In the evening the Lord Provost and magistrates entertained Baron Marochetti and the subscribers to the statue at dinner in the Town-hall. Covers were laid for about 150, and the chair was occupied by the Hon. the Lord Provost; Bailie Gourlay, Senior Magistrate, discharging the duties of croupier. Among the guests were—Alexander Hastie, Esq., M.P.; Sir James Anderson, M.P.; Baron Marochetti, Principal Macfarlan, W. S. Lindsay, Esq., M.P.; Mr. Buchanan, American Minister; Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.; Rev. Mr. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces; J. Macgregor, Esq., M.P.; Colonel Poole, James Scott, Esq.; Robert Findlay, Esq., of Easterhill; Captain Maxwell, Sir James Campbell, William Lockhart, Esq., M.P.; Captain Merry, of the Queen's Own; A. S. Dalglish, Esq.; John Tennant, Esq.; M. Maubisson, French Consul; Mr. Hearst, American Consul; Mr. Anderson, Queen's Counsel; the Dean of Faculty, and Drs. Anderson and Fleming.

The following criticism of the Statue is from the *Edinburgh Evening Post*—

We observe that Sir Archibald Alison has justly claimed for the city of Glasgow the high distinction of being the first town in the empire which has erected a fitting memorial in honour of her Majesty. The Statue just inaugurated there belongs to the grandest class of sculptural compositions. It is an equestrian group, finished with much care and elaboration, and executed in the finest bronze. We believe it must have cost a very large sum indeed, and is therefore an appropriate expression of the wealth as well as the loyalty of the neighbouring city. For our part, we think the citizens could do no less than embody their sentiments in some splendid material form; for we believe that no Royal personage could have shown greater consideration, or more sincere kindness towards any community, than was manifested by her gracious Majesty, on the occasion of her visit to Glasgow. We must confess, at the same time, that we are no admirers of the works of the Baron Marochetti: they are somewhat clipped and affected in their style and expression—more like toys on a large scale than genuine productions of masculine talent. His notions of equine points and proportions have been derived from another soil than ours—the road, the turf, or the field. A true horseman takes no interest in such feckless-looking creatures. The Baron's Equestrian Statue of the Queen, however, is less objectionable, in an æsthetic point of view, than most of his other compositions which have fallen under our notice.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 17.—14th Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, 18.—Dr. Johnson born, 1709.
TUESDAY, 19.—Battle of Poitiers, 1356.
WEDNESDAY, 20.—Ember Week. Battle of Newbury, 1643.
THURSDAY, 21.—Sir Walter Scott died, 1832.
FRIDAY, 22.—Flight of Mahomet, 622. New Post-office opened, 1829.
SATURDAY, 23.—Major Cartwright died, 1824.

HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 23.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
10 10	10 55	11 35	Tide	0 10	35 1	0 10
10 10	10 55	11 35	1 0	1 20	1 40	1 55
2 10	2 25	2 40	2 55	3 10	3 25	3 40

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. A.—Your coin is a denarius of the Pinaria family, and is of no value.
AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your quarter-guinea, Geo. I., 1718; and half-crown, James II., 1685, are of no value, numismatically speaking.
H. A. T., Reading, is thanked; but we have not room for his letter.
J. E. F.; H. A. T.; and A. ERICAM.—Declined.
HESTER.—Murray's English Grammar, last Edition. Longman and Co.
A CORRESPONDENT, Galway.—Chamois is pronounced *sha-moa* (the first a like a in bat, and the second a like a in bar). *Turquoise*, *tur-kwaz* (the w like u in but, and the a like a in bar).
A CONSTANT READER, Tiverton.—The old story that there were but three farthings of Queen Anne struck, is now an exploded error. Some hundreds of farthings of Anne were struck; her common and real farthing, which was current generally, brings, among coin-collectors, from 7s. to 12s.; and, if extremely fine in preservation, one guinea. There is but one sort of farthing (with the figure of Britannia on the reverse, and below it, in the exergue, the date 1714). There are also six pattern-pieces, struck for approval, but from which no copies for circulation were taken. These pattern-pieces bring from £1 to £3 each; and the scarcest has brought £5 at a public auction. In addition to these real and pattern farthings are a number of trumpery brass tokens of Queen Anne, thinner than the real copper farthing; their date is generally 1711. They are of no value, but have caused much annoyance to coin-collectors, and, we dare say, to the editors of newspapers; many a possessor of one of these tokens having imagined himself the owner of "a real Queen Anne's farthing," or a fortune in prospect. This information we received from the late Mr. Till, the coin-dealer. A fuller account will be found in *Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated*, 1841.
INQUIRER.—The most genuine piece of restoration at the Tower of London, is the Beauchamp or Cobham Tower, executed under the direction of Mr. Salvin, the architect, "who has carried out to its full extent the original style of architecture, which was of the military kind, in use in the twelfth and early part of the thirteenth century."—See *Inscriptions and Devices in the Beauchamp Tower*, by W. R. Dick, lately published. The other "restorations," as well as the new buildings in the Tower, remind one too much of Wyattville's Gothic at Windsor Castle. But everything is *en melée* at the Tower; even the yeomen-warders wear plain black trousers with the embroidered tunic, of the reign of Henry VIII.
A CORRESPONDENT.—The new church of St. Matthew, City-road, consecrated April 11, 1848, is engraved in No. 312 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
A QUIET MAN.—We in nowise advocate the mode in which the proceedings of the General Courts-Martial, at Windsor, were conducted; neither do we arrogate to ourselves the option of condemning or acquitting Mr. Perry of all blame. That duty devolved on the court before which he was tried, and the finding and verdict met the Sovereign's approval. If "a quiet man" does not consider the fact of an officer being pulled out of bed, made to go through the sword exercise with an umbrella, and finally have his furniture cast from the window into the barrack square, an act of "despicable tyranny," we are utterly at a loss to find a designation whereby to express the unprovoked aggression characterising such ungentlemanly outrage.

Next Week will appear in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, characteristic Illustrations of THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT SHEERNESS—GUN-BOATS FOR THE BALTIC—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL—and the MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, &c.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 16, 1854.

WHATEVER may be the result of the present contest, it is already decided that the Prussian Government must suffer degradation. It is possible that its subjects in the East, carrying on much of the customary trade of Riga, Revel, and St. Petersburg, may be enriched by the war. In fact, the blockade instituted by our ships has had the effect of driving the Russian trade with Western Europe, through Prussia; and Prussia will gain much that Russia loses, and much that the Western States—including England

will have to pay in the increase of price of Russian products for the difficulty of procuring them. But this gain will be a poor compensation for the loss of character which the Prussian Government has already incurred. When she extended her frontier to the Rhine, and acquired there the extensive territories she now holds, she ceased to be a strictly northern German Power, and became a sharer in the enlightenment and feelings of the western part of that great country. A large portion of her subjects are now closely allied with the more advanced Powers of Europe and her Government has forfeited their respect as well as the good opinion of all the enlightened people of Germany, by covertly supporting the pretensions of Russia. More immediately dangerous to Germany than to either France or England, the advance of Russia is looked on, in Germany, with greater apprehension than even here; and the German Monarch who has favoured Russia, when an opportunity offered successfully to oppose it, has sacrificed the good opinion of all patriotic Germans. Independently of the conduct of Prussia having been erroneous in principle, it has been vacillating, feeble, and unreliable. In a circular note recently addressed to its foreign Ministers, regret is expressed that Russia has rejected the conditions which would have put an end to the war; but it is satisfied with the assurances of Russia that it will "evacuate the Principalities," and "will remain henceforth on the defensive." Like Austria, therefore, Prussia finds, after her prolonged negotiations with the Western Powers, that she has no *casus belli* against Russia; and she therefore denies—contrary, we believe, to the general opinion of Germany—that there is any necessity to interfere by arms, and so bring the contest—which, if it be continued, may desolate all Europe—to a speedy conclusion. The Court of Prussia would gladly save Russia from humiliation, were that possible; and would weaken its old opponent, Austria, as much as possible, to which the Prussian Court, but not the people, are more decidedly opposed, than to abating the power of Russia. In fact, Prussia finds the success of Austria, in getting a footing in the Principalities, more annoying than the growth of Russia. "She cannot realise," says the Circular, "the project of a common protectorate over the Principalities; and believes that that protectorate might even lead to a state of things but little in conformity with German interests." The occupation of the Principalities by Austrian troops is extremely galling to Prussia; it extends the power of Austria on both sides of the Danube; and it is one of the remarkable incidents of the present remarkable contest, that the act of the Allies, in introducing the Austrians into the Principalities, has given umbrage to Prussia, and gone far to dissolve the feeble alliance which she has lately formed with Austria. Her people may dread the Russians—her Court dread and hate the Austrians a great deal more. Thus the marked success of Austria in getting possession of the Principalities, and the important position she now occupies, being powerful to mediate between Russia and the Western Powers, are extremely grating to the Government of Prussia, which seems willing to sacrifice the good opinion of all enlightened Germany and of the inhabitants of Western Europe to gratify its old hereditary enmity for the House of Hapsburg. Austria and Prussia, the two greatest Powers in Germany, can never act long in concert. On this the Emperor of Russia relies; and the consent of the Allies to the occupation of the Principalities by Austria has had the effect of alienating more than ever the Court of Prussia from the Western Powers. Hence, in the Note already quoted, it avows itself adverse to the Protectorate, and quite adverse to taking any active measures against Russia.

THE Bread riots, which we noticed last week, have had no successors. The worst took place at Nottingham, and was chiefly a mere mob of boys. Nowhere have the working-classes—who are now far too intelligent to be guilty of such acts—been concerned in them; though some strong writing against the bakers, describing them as withholding from the consumers what justly belongs to them, has not been wanting. On Friday, the price of wheat rose from 1s. to 2s. in the market; and, on Monday, it again rose from 2s. to 3s. more. This was the consequence of very short supplies of wheat and flour having arrived in London in the last three weeks, and particularly in the last week. The millers were short of wheat to grind, and were obliged to purchase. At the same time a demand for wheat came from Holland, and for flour from France, so that upwards of 5000 quarters of wheat, and upwards of 900 sacks of flour were exported. In Mark-lane, in consequence, and in nearly all the provincial markets, wheat is now 5s. per quarter dearer than in the early part of last week. The price of flour, however, fell, on Monday, 5s. in the London market; and the singular circumstance occurred of wheat rising and flour falling in price on the same day. These facts are memorable. They show how quickly the market responds to real wants, or real abundance; and how much those are in error who would forcibly interfere with it. Up to the close of last week, the great abundance of our harvest caused the price of wheat to fall rapidly; and, at that point, numerous purchasers from Holland and France appearing in our market, the price of wheat got up. Of course, the price of flour, which always follows that of wheat at some distance, did not fall immediately with the price of wheat; but it fell afterwards, on Monday, when the price of wheat had again begun to rise. At the time, however, when the top price of flour was lowered, flour was exported, showing that anything like monopoly is out of the question. The holders of flour and the millers deferred to the wants of the market, and lowered the price, when the export might have served as a pretext for continuing the high price. At present wheat and flour can be sent unrestrictedly from any one part of the kingdom to another; and almost every part is now so intersected by railways, that for either millers or bakers to establish any kind of local monopoly is impossible. Wheat and flour, too, except the registration duty of 1s. per quarter, can be freely imported and exported. It is equally impossible, therefore, to establish a general as distinguished from a local monopoly. Time is always required to adjust prices. Stocks in hand must be disposed of; stocks, too, must be brought to market; and hasty changes in price, from ignoring such circumstances, are followed by contrary changes, producing uncertainty in trade, and great hindrance to fairly apportioning the expenditure of a narrow income. We recommend our readers, therefore, not to be too hasty in de-

manding reductions; let them settle the matter in the capacity of buyers and sellers, carefully dealing with those who serve them cheapest and best; and they may be assured that the price of bread, like other things, will be more fairly settled by the higgling of the market, than by the instrumentality of any other persons, or any other power. A most abundant harvest has now been safely gathered in. Prices have already fallen from 20s. to 30s. per quarter from the top price. But it must be stated that the stocks of wheat from the previous harvest are very generally exhausted, and it must be remembered that the abundance of this year may be required to compensate the dearth of next year; as the very defective harvest of 1853 was, to a great extent, compensated by the large harvest of 1852. We shall best show our knowledge, therefore, of the course of Providence, and our appreciation of His gifts, by allowing those who are best acquainted with the actual amount of the harvest and with the actual number of the community, peacefully and undisturbedly to settle with the consumers the price at which corn and flour and bread are to be sold. The settlement of the prices in the market is as much a part of the natural course of events as are the labour which prepares the ground and the sunshine which ripens the harvest; and we shall all derive the greatest benefit from the abundance, by each man doing effectually his own share in the task of production, and not only leaving every other man fully at liberty to perform his share, but guarding and protecting his freedom.

THE COURT.

The Queen and Royal Family have proceeded on their autumnal trip to the Highlands of Scotland.

The Friday of last week—whilst the Prince Consort was witnessing the grand military spectacle in the neighbourhood of Boulogne—was employed by the Queen in visiting the Southampton Docks, and inspecting the magnificent steam-yacht belonging to the late Pacha of Egypt. Lord Haddo, eldest son of the Premier, goes in the vessel to Egypt, in the hope of recruiting his delicate health.

On Saturday morning Prince Albert arrived at Osborne, from Boulogne. The Prince, who was in the yacht *Victoria and Albert*, was met off the coast by her Majesty in the *Fairy*. He immediately went on board the *Fairy*, and, with the Queen, received the parting adieux of the King of Portugal and the Duke of Oporto, who were about returning to Portugal.

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, were passed, with slight variation by the Royal Family in the usual quiet and unostentatious routine of their life, at Osborne. Amongst the incidents was the presentation, on Monday, of the Baron de Gersdorff, Envoy from the present King of Saxony, whose business was to convey to her Majesty a letter announcing the death of the late King of that country, and to return the insignia of the Order of the Garter, worn by that Sovereign. The Baron, after the performance of this important duty of etiquette, had the honour of dining with her Majesty. On the following day, Señor Gonzalez, the new Minister of Spain at our Court, was presented for the purpose of "delivering his credentials."

On Wednesday, at two p.m., the Queen and Prince Consort, the Royal children, and suite, left Osborne-house for London, preliminary to their Scottish visit. They embarked at East Cowes on board the *Fairy*. In a drizzling, penetrating rain, and a strong "wet" breeze, making a thoroughly disagreeable day, the Royal family reached Gosport, where a special train was in readiness to convey them to London. On arriving at the Nine Elms Station, the Royal family and suite proceeded, in five carriages, escorted by a detachment of Carbineers to Buckingham Palace. In the evening the Queen held a Privy-council, which was attended by Prince Albert and four of the Cabinet Ministers.

On Thursday morning, at a quarter to eight o'clock, the Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by their youthful family, and attended by a somewhat numerous suite, consisting chiefly of ladies and gentlemen of the household, left Buckingham Palace for the King's-cross station of the Great Northern Railway, en route to Balmoral. Fine weather has been so generally a characteristic of the days on which the Queen makes her "progresses," that the phrase "a Queen's day," has grown quite into a proverb, as indicative of a fine day. The present occasion has been an exception. Wednesday and Thursday were the wettest and dullest days that have been experienced for some time.

DEPARTURE OF PRINCE ALBERT FROM BOULOGNE.

From the hour of nine on Friday evening, the Garde Imperiale kept clear from intrusion a large quadrangular space in front of that part of the quay to which the *Victoria and Albert* was moored. It was nearly eleven, however, before she floated, and it had passed that hour before the Prince arrived. In the meantime the Custom-house, and nearly all the houses on the quay, were brilliantly illuminated, and garlands formed of many-coloured lamps were festooned across the roadway. The letters V. N. A. formed a large design in variegated lamps, and on a smaller and more unpretending one the initial of the Empress was also introduced. The effect of the whole was exceedingly fine, the warm tone of the lamps contrasting artistically with the silver moonlight. The whole town was out upon the quay and jetty, and the Imperial cortège was impatiently waited for. The carriages were soon seen rattling across the new bridge, preceded by Piqueurs carrying flambeaux; and the cheering gradually becoming louder, denoted that the Emperor and Prince were at hand. On their reaching the quay, fireworks were let off, to the evident discomfiture of the horses of the Piqueurs and Cent Gardes, one or two of which became unmanageable, and bolted clean through the ranks of the Grenadiers. The cheering now became tremendous, for just as the Emperor and Prince stepped on board, an immense blue-light was ignited close to where they stood, so that their persons and features became distinctly visible from the remotest corners of the quay. Many bows were exchanged between host and guest, the Emperor landed, and the moorings having been cast off, the Royal yacht edged slowly away. When she reached the middle of the stream the port-holes were opened from stem to stern, and the whole of the interior might be seen brilliantly illuminated with wax lights. Prince Albert remained on deck, bowing in response to the cheers from the shore; and just as he passed the jetty the first shot of a salute of 21 guns reverberated from the cliffs. The steamer, once clear of the jetty, steamed rapidly away, and took farewell of her French friends in a brilliant display of blue-lights, which formed the last public act of the Royal visit to France. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning the Royal yacht, with the *Vivid* and *Black Eagle* yachts in close attendance, and followed by the armed ships *Malacca*, 17; *Hornet*, 16; and *Salamander*, 6, arrived at Osborne from Boulogne. It was her Majesty's intention to have gone some way out into the Channel in the *Fairy* to meet his Royal Highness, but his return was earlier than was expected. Having disembarked the Prince, the three yachts went into harbour, and the armed ships up to Spithead, where they anchored.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.—*Prebendary*: The Rev. Sir H. Thompson, Bart., to Thorney, in the Cathedral Church of Chichester. *Honorary Canonries*: The Rev. G. Beresford, to Peterborough Cathedral; Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, to Peterborough Cathedral; Rev. G. C. Davies, M.A., to the Cathedral Church of Gloucester; Rev. W. F. Powell, M.A., to the Cathedral Church of Bristol. *Rectories*: The Rev. R. N. Shuttle, to St. Mary Steps, in the city of Exeter; Rev. H. E. Yeoman, M.A., to Markholm, Northamptonshire; Rev. H. Browne, to Pevensey, Sussex; Rev. L. H. Southcombe, M.A., to Rose Ash, near South Molton; Rev. C. I. Gibbon, M.A., to Luton, with Wasingley annexed, Northampton. *Vicarages*: The Rev. W. B. Hopkins, to St. Peter's, Wisbeach; Rev. H. Jackson, to St. Mary's, Wisbeach. *Incumbencies*: The Rev. E. J. A. Percy, to Thorney Abbey, Cambridgeshire; Rev. H. Watson, to Peppworth, St. Agnes, near St. Ives; Rev. W. Barber, M.A., to St. John's, Leicester; Rev. J. P. Gell, M.A., to St. John's Church, Nottingham; Rev. P. Hartley, to St. Leonard's, Wigginton; Rev. T. P. Holdich, M.A., to St. James's, Norland, Nottingham; Rev. J. H. Penruddocke, M.A., to Berwick Bassett, near Swindon.

THE Rev. C. G. Hodgkinson, M.A., Principal of the York and Ripon Diocesan Training School, has been appointed Head Master of the Louth Grammar-school.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,
TAKEN DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Month and Day.	Corrected Reading of Barometer at 9 A.M.	Thermometer. Highest Reading.	Thermometer. Lowest Reading.	Mean Temperature of the Day.	Departure of Temperature from Average.	Degree of Humidity.	Direction of Wind.	Rain in Inches.
Sept. 8	30.200	70.7	48.3	57.6	- 0.2	68	N.E.	0.00
" 9	30.150	74.0	49.8	60.7	+ 3.2	64	N.E.	0.00
" 10	30.161	70.2	40.5	56.6	- 0.8	71	VAR.	0.00
" 11	30.158	73.9	40.1	57.7	+ 0.4	75	VAR.	0.00
" 12	29.969	81.6	37.9	61.9	+ 4.9	65	S.	0.02
" 13	29.878	71.9	52.8	61.8	+ 5.0	92	S.W.	0.11
" 14	29.647	70.9	52.0	60.1	+ 3.4	91	S.W.	0.35

Note.—The sign — denotes below the average, and the sign + above the average.

The correct reading of the barometer decreased from 30.20 inches at the beginning of the week to 30.12 inches by the afternoon of the 8th; increased to 30.15 inches by the morning of the 9th, and decreased to 30.16 inches by the afternoon; increased to 30.16 inches by the morning of the 10th, and decreased to 30.13 inches by the afternoon; increased to 30.16 inches by the 11th; decreased to 29.64 inches by the 14th; and increased to 29.74 inches by the end of the week. The mean for the week at the height of 82 feet above the sea was 59.59, being 2.3° above the average of the corresponding week during 38 years.

The range of temperature during the week was 43.7°, being the difference between the highest and lowest readings of the thermometer on the 12th.

The mean daily range of temperature during the week was 27.3°. The greatest was 43.7° on the 12th; and the least 18° on the 14th.

Rain fell during the week to the depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch nearly, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

The weather was fine till Tuesday. On this day the wind shifted to the S., and the weather changed generally. A little rain fell on Tuesday, being the first which has fallen since August 24. The electricity has been positive and weak. A little ozone was shown on Wednesday, being the first which has been indicated for some time.

Lewisham, September 15, 1854. JAMES GLAISHER.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—Within the week ending September 9, the births of 810 boys and of 796 girls were registered within the metropolitan districts; in all 1606 children. The average numbers in the same week of the preceding nine years are 706 boys, and 695 girls. The number of deaths within the same week was the very large number of 3413—a number greater than any in the same week of the year in the previous ten years. In the year 1849, when the epidemic of cholera was then prevalent, 3183 deaths occurred, which is the nearest approach to the mortality of last week of any within the period. Of the deaths, 1655 were males, and 1758 were females, distributed over the different periods of life as follows:—Under 15 years of age, 1357; above 60 years, 523; and 1528 between those ages. Cholera alone caused the deaths of 2050 persons: of these, 954 were males, 1096 females; 614 were children under 15 years of age; 1128 men and women of 15 and under 60; and 287 at ages exceeding sixty years. The deaths from cholera in the last nine weeks have been—5, 26, 133, 399, 644, 729, 847, 1267, 2050. The sum of those numbers is 6120; and, thus, cholera has already destroyed 6120 lives. The deaths have been distributed over the metropolitan districts as follows:—In the West district, whose population in 1851 was 376,527, in eight weeks, ending September 2, there were 768 deaths; last week there were 545. In the North district, population in 1851 was 490,596; there were 252 deaths up to September 2; and this number was increased last week by 205. In the Central district, population in 1851 was 593,216; the deaths up to September 2 were 195; and last week added 117 more. In the East district, population in 1851 was 485,522; deaths up to Sept. 2 were 541, and last week 208; and in the South district, population in 1851 was 616,635; the number of deaths up to Sept. 2 was 2317; and this large number was increased last week by 972. Active measures have been adopted by the Board of Health for combating the present epidemic, and for obtaining, by all the agents and instruments that science has now at command, such a thorough knowledge of the conditions that lead power to this enemy, as will enable us to oppose it with advantages that were not before possessed. The decline of the temperature, the analogy of the epidemics of 1832 and 1849, as well as the remedial measures that are now brought into operation, justify us in anticipating that the epidemic will, ere long, gradually subside. In the meantime the zeal and watchfulness neither of the local authorities, of the heads of manufactories, nor of the heads of families, should be slackened for a moment.

The National Gallery, Trafalgar-square, is closed for the annual vacation. It will be re-opened to the public on Monday, the 25th of October next. The Vernon Collection of Paintings, at Marlborough-house, Pall-mall, is closed for the same period. During the recess, the paintings at the National Gallery will be re-arranged.

CONVERSION OF A CHURCH ENTRANCE INTO SHOPS.—The beautiful approach to Archbishop Tenison's Chapel, in Regent-street, has been destroyed, and the space formerly occupied by it is in course of conversion into shops. The entrance to the Chapel will henceforth be in King-street.

THE MORMONS IN LONDON.—The Middlesex Court of Sessions was unexpectedly turned into an arena for the discussion of Mormonism, on Wednesday—the occasion being a charge against Andrew Hepburn, a Protestant lecturer, for disturbing, by a question to the preacher, a religious meeting of the Latter-day Saints, or Mormons. From the evidence it appeared that the course of annoyance pursued by Mr. Hepburn, had continued since last November, and the defendant pursued every congregation of Mormons that he could. The Jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," the defendant, in answer to the question if he had anything to say to the Court, said, "What I have done has been for the glory of God, and the good of the whole human family. I am a Scotchman. I had no education, but the Almighty God has given me the abilities to prove to the whole world that these doctrines are inconsistent and contrary to his Holy Word." Mr. Bodkin wished to know if he intended to annoy these persons again? The defendant said, he would never enter their place again, if that was what was required; but he should lecture as usual. Mr. Bodkin said he could, no doubt, go on lecturing, if he pleased. He had the same right to do that as these parties to follow their own worship. He must enter into a recognizance of £100, with two sureties of £20 each, to come up for judgment, if called upon; and he would not be troubled, if he confined himself to showing by argument what he considered their errors. The sureties were given, and the defendant discharged.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPERS OF BELGRAVIA.—The authorities of the Grosvenor district, which possesses a jurisdiction of its own, and comprises the localities of Grosvenor-place, Belgrave, Eaton, and Lower-square, and Chesham-place, have just taken the initiative in organizing the crossing-sweepers who occupy the many crossings in that locality. For some time past none have been permitted to hold a "commission," or "carry brooms" in that neighbourhood, without the sanction of the trustees; but on Wednesday each man was properly enrolled, and furnished with a blue cloth badge to fasten round the left arm, upon which were worked the letters "G. P. D." (Grosvenor-place district), and a corresponding number to one which is registered at the secretary's office against the wearer's name. Most of these men are old soldiers, and, being of an active disposition, are very useful in carrying messages or posting letters during the "season" for the servants, when those functionaries are too busy to do it themselves. On account of this they have at last come to be an "institution" of this strictly fashionable and aristocratic quarter, and it has frequently happened that when a crossing-sweeper has been away on an errand some tattered stranger has opened shop under false colours, and the false assumption of being "connected" with the regular man, or "it's the same concern," and having obtained something to carry, have carried it away altogether. To remedy evils of this character the present organisation has been undertaken, and the vacancies will henceforth be filled up by candidates of "established reputation."

BANK OF ENGLAND.—HALF-YEARLY MEETING.—The half-yearly general court of proprietors of the Bank of England was held on Thursday, J. G. Hubbard, Esq., the Governor, in the chair, who said he had to inform the court that the net profits of the half-year were £625,326 6s. 1d., making the amount of rest on the 31st of August, £3,664,912 8s. 1d. After the dividend now proposed of 4½ per cent for the half-year, free of Income-tax, the rest would be £3,000,027 8s. 1d. The dividend was agreed to unanimously.

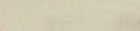
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—On Thursday next, the 21st inst., being St. Matthew's-day, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and the Governors of the several Royal hospitals, will attend Divine Service at Christ's Church, Newgate-street, where a sermon will be preached by the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D., late Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford. After which they will repair to the Great Hall in Christ's Hospital, where four orations, on the benefits of the Royal Hospitals, will be delivered by four of the senior scholars, according to annual custom—in Latin, by J. C. Barker; in English, by H. T. Armfield; in Greek, by J. W. Furrell; and in French, by C. W. P. Watts. After which there will be recited translations from Shakspeare and Longfellow, by Messrs. Foster and Tebbutt; and an English poem, by J. W. Furrell, on "Constantinople." Also, the Richards' prize poem on the "Don Cossacks," which has not yet been adjudged, will be recited.

IMMENSE DAMAGE has been caused in Prussia by recent inundations. In the province of Silesia alone it is estimated at 26,000,000 or 27,000,000 thalers (£4,000,000).

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE REV. SIR JOHN ASHBURNHAM, BART., OF BROMHAM.

SIR JOHN ASHBURNHAM, Bart., B.D., Chancellor and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, Rector of Guestling, and Vicar of Penvensey, county Essex, died at Guestling Rectory, near Hastings, on the 1st inst., aged 84. He was the seventh inheritor of the title, and the tenth in lineal descent from the marriage of Richard Ashburnham (younger brother of the ancestor of the Earls Ashburnham), with the daughter and heiress of Sir John Stoneling, Knight, of Bromham. Sir John was born in 1770, and married twice: by his first wife, Fanny, fourth daughter of William Foster, Esq., of Hollington, he leaves a son, now Sir Anchtel Ashburnham, eighth Baronet, and other issue. Sir William, the fourth Baronet (Sir John's grandfather), was consecrated Bishop of Chichester in 1754.

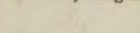


THE REV. SIR JOHN ASHBURNHAM, BART., OF BROMHAM.



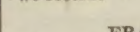
SIR HENRY BOYNTON, BART.

THE death of this Baronet, at the age of seventy-six, occurred at his seat, Burton-Agnes, county York, on the 29th ult. He represented a very ancient Yorkshire family, which is stated to derive its descent from Bartholomew de Boynton, Lord of Boynton A.D. 1007. The fine seat and estate of Burton-Agnes, near Bridlington, was acquired by Sir Matthew Boynton, the first Baronet, a staunch Parliamentary, in marriage with Frances, his first wife, sister and sole heir of Sir Henry Griffith, Bart. Sir Henry married, 1st January, 1810, Mary, daughter of Captain Gray, and niece of Captain William Watson, R.N., of Dover, by whom he had four sons and seven daughters. Of the former, the eldest, Sir Henry, is now tenth Baronet of Barmston. He married, first, 2nd Nov., 1833, Louisa, daughter of Walter Strickland, Esq., of Cockthorpe Park; and, secondly, 7th Feb., 1843, Harriet, daughter of Thomas Lightfoot, Esq.



PHILIP BARKER WEBB, ESQ.

THIS gentleman died of cholera, on the 31st ult., at his residence, 15, Avenue Marbonf, Champs Elysées, Paris. He was never married. He long held a distinguished position among the most eminent botanists of the age, and was well known as the author of several valuable botanical works. His magnificent Herbarium, collected with great care, he has left by will to his "dear friend the Grand Duke of Tuscany." Mr. Webb always resided abroad, and at the foreign Courts he visited, the reigning Sovereigns presented him with high orders, in testimony of their estimation of his talents. The Webbs of Milford House are an ancient Surrey family. One of the late Mr. Webb's ancestors—his great-grandfather, Philip Carteret Webb, Esq., was a celebrated antiquary. He died at Busbridge. An estate then in the family, in 1770, and the subsequent sale of the books and manuscripts occupied seventeen days. They were brought to auction by the orders of his second wife and widow, to whom he had bequeathed them. The present inheritor of the Webb estates is Colonel Webb, brother of the distinguished botanist whose death we record.



FRANCIS HUTCHINSON SYNGÉ, ESQ., J.P.

THE death of this lamented gentleman, which occurred at his residence, Weston Lodge, on the 24th ult., has cast a gloom over the whole town of Weston-super-Mare, where he resided for upwards of twenty years, and laboured, with untiring energy, for the advancement and improvement of the place. Two years ago, his fellow-townsmen presented him with a massive silver candelabrum in grateful remembrance of his public services. Mr. Syngé was a member of an ancient and highly-respected Irish family, and counted among his ancestors five Irish prelates of the name of Syngé, and two of the name of Hutchinson. He was born 30th April, 1788, the second son of the late Sir Robert Syngé, Bart., by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., uncle of Arthur, Lord Kilwarden. He married, in 1819, Mary-Anne, daughter of John Paget, Esq., of Cranmore Hall, county Somerset; and leaves that lady his widow.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.—Edward Balton, Esq., of Charlemont Dorset, has left £300 to each of his servants, and to each of his labourers a suit of mourning and a sovereign; to the Dorset County Hospital and the Parochial School at Broadmayne, each £100.—Edward Tothill, Esq., of Philadelphia, U.S., formerly of Bristol, who with his wife was lost on board the *City of Glasgow*, left all his property to his wife, if she survived; but in case of her death without a will, then to his sisters, equally.—The late Mr. William Fontaine, who, in a very few years, established and successfully conducted, no fewer than fifteen separate places of business in London, as a soap-maker, tallow-chandler, and oilman, has died in London, at the age of 60, leaving a large estate, and a worth of £16,000 personality, which he has bequeathed to his widow.—The effects of Edward Little, commander of the *Terror*, have been administered under £4000.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. W. ROBINSON, OF TAMWORTH.—On Wednesday week, at a public dinner in the Town-hall, Tamworth, a superb group of plate was presented to Mr. W. Robinson, of that town, by a large party of his friends and admirers. Mr. R. D. Webster presided, and among the guests were Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.; R. J. Peel, Esq.; and Captain W. Peel. Mr. Robinson has for fifty years practised as a veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood of Tamworth. The testimonial consists of a superb silver tea and coffee service, and an épergne, manufactured by Elkington and Mason, at a cost of about 260 guineas.

MR. PETO and the other undertakers of the Norwegian Railway have given a dinner to 300 gentlemen in Christiania. The toasts and speeches were in English and Norwegian, and the utmost good feeling prevailed.

ROYAL LIBERALITY.—King Max, of Bavaria, has just granted an allowance of 500 florins, to be repeated next year, to Melchior Meyr, a young Bavarian poet. Meyr's "Duke Albrecht" has been represented with applause in seventeen chief towns of Germany, and his "Village Histories," published in the *Morgenblatt*, are very popular. The allowance is granted to enable him to employ his undivided energies in the completion of a poetic work of larger scope than he has yet published, and on which he has long been engaged. Hermann Ling is another Bavarian poet who receives similar assistance from the King. The young German poets Geibel, Bodenstedt, and Paul Heyse, who have similar reason to thank his Majesty, are not Bavarians.

RUSSIAN COMMERCE.—The last advices from St. Petersburg bring a fresh statement of the exports of tallow this year as compared with last, whence it appears that the amount sent away up to the present time is estimated to have been 35,239 casks, against 42,808 to the same period of 1853. Taking an average of ten years, the exports of 1854 actually exhibit an excess; and, as the English consumer has paid by the augmentation in price the chief expenses of the transit overland, which has given increased profits to the Russians and Prussians engaged in it, there seems little question that the loss occasioned by the blockade, as far as this branch of commerce is concerned, has principally fallen upon ourselves. On the other hand, the damage inflicted upon the Russians by the check to their import trade and their consequent deprivation of the most essential articles, both for their manufactories and their sustenance—such as cotton, wool, salt, metals, oils, sugar, &c.—must have been severe.

MURDER OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND LADY IN GREECE.—A very painful sensation was created in Manchester on Tuesday, by the announcement of the murder, by Greek brigands, of Mr. and Mrs. Leves (the latter being the daughter of Samuel Fletcher, Esq., of Broomfield, Chesham), which was perpetrated on Sunday, the 27th of August, at their own residence, in the island of Negropont (the ancient Euboea). Whether this atrocious crime was instigated solely by a desire for plunder, or had its origin partly in the revengeful feeling entertained towards Englishmen and Frenchmen generally, on account of their interfering to put down the buccannering Greek incursions into the Turkish provinces, is not known. It is very well known that many of the invaders were either professional brigands or *palicars*—irregular Greek soldiers, who are little, if any, better. When driven out of Thessaly by the Turkish troops, many of these are known to have taken refuge in the island of Negropont; and it is said that Mr. Leves, in a letter written only a few days before his death, had expressed some uneasiness on account of the number of these desperate ruffians who were known to be in his neighbourhood.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

An order has been issued at Sheerness, regulating the time of persons visiting the *Royal Albert* and Dockyard, in order to meet the arrival of passengers by the steam-packets from London via the Thames and Medway. They are in future to assemble at the yard gate at 9.30 a.m., and at 2 p.m., when they will be escorted through the yard (with permission to visit the *Royal Albert*) by the police. Every facility is given to visitors by arrangements made by the Captain-Superintendent. The number of visitors daily is immense.

The detachments from the 92nd Highlanders are under orders to move from the Tower, as also those of the 88th, 38th, 23rd, and other regiments, to strengthen the garrison at Windsor on the departure of the 46th Foot for the East.

SEVERAL hundred beds and blankets were taken on shore from the *St. Vincent* on Monday, and burnt on Rat's Island. The same order has been given on board her Majesty's sloop *Sphinx*, where the prevailing epidemic has been raging.

THE Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have taken up steamers of from 700 to 800 tons' burden to convey victualling stores for the use of the army invading the Crimea, and the fleet in the Black Sea; also for the conveyance of 300 tons of heavy shot and shell to Malta, forty tons of ordnance stores to Sydney, and nine tons to Melbourne and Port Philip for the defence of those colonies.

LAST week we stated that the Royal Sappers and Miners had increased the bounty to men, under twenty-five, joining their corps, to £5 12s. 6d., whereas the amount of the bounty at the present time is £5 15s. 6d. for men of all ages, and has been so for some time past.

THE 46th Regiment is under orders for the East, but the period for their embarkation is not yet fixed. No other corps at home are, at present, held in readiness for the same destination.

THE Somerset Militia is the corps selected to garrison Cork.

THE HORSE GUARDS.—The Military Secretary had a levee on Tuesday last, which was numerously attended. He holds his levees every Tuesday. The Adjutant-General holds his on Thursday. Every officer is now obliged, according to the late regulations, to put down in writing the precise nature of his application (a considerable difference between the present system and that of Lord Hill).

THE *Conqueror* line-of-battle ship, pierced for 120 guns, building at Devonport, and the *Edgar*, at Woolwich, are both so far advanced that they will be ready for launching early in the spring.

In compliment to France, and in testimony of the firm alliance existing between the two countries, the Admiralty has resolved to name one of the line-of-battle ships about to be launched *La France*.

NEARLY the whole of the seamen who entered for special service in the Baltic fleet, with the right to claim their discharge at the end of the present year, have volunteered for continuous service.

THE following ships are now being manned, and have entered either the number of men required or have nearly filled up their complement:—The *Royal Albert*, 121, Captain Alexander Little, fitting at Sheerness; the *Curacao*, 30, Captain the Hon. G. F. Hastings, fitting at Portsmouth; the *Cossack*, 20, Captain Fanshawe, fitting at Chatham; the *Harrier*, 16, Captain Storey, fitting at Portsmouth; as also the *Swallow*, 9, Captain Crauford; and the *Curlaw*, Captain Lambert, fitting at Chatham.

THE DESPATCH GUN-BOATS.—Three of the screw steam despatch gun-boats are intended for service in the Black Sea—the *Arcon*, the *Beagle*, and the *Lynx*. The only screw steam despatch gun-boat sent to the Baltic up to the present time is the *Wrangler*. The *Viper* is in dock at Woolwich preparing for sea, and the *Snake* is having her engines put on board. As it will take some time to complete the two latter despatch gun-boats for sea, and the advanced period of the season would not allow of their services being available for any length of time in the Baltic this year, it is consequently expected that they will also proceed, when ready, to the Black Sea; and that the six new light draught of water gun-boats will be sent with the fleet early in the ensuing spring to the Baltic.

COUNTRY NEWS.

CHEAP BREAD.—On Tuesday last, Mr. Gardiner, one of the principal bakers of Banbury, took 500 loaves of bread to the town of Buckingham, which were all sold in the market-place within forty minutes, at 6d. and 5d. the 4 lb. loaf; he promised to go again on Saturday with a larger supply, but expressed himself ready to retire when bread was sold at a fair and a reasonable price. A great competition has been going on at Waddesdon among the bakers, and, consequently, bread is very much reduced in price. A good loaf is selling there at 4½d.

THE 46TH IN WINDSOR.—Popular feeling in Windsor is greatly excited against the officers of the 46th. They are saluted with *Non mi ricordo*, and "I don't recollect," at every turning. As they go to drill, the women congregate at the corners of the little streets and lanes, and use still more abusive, if not more expressive, terms. No wonder, then, that the officers, many of whom were not at all mixed up with the affair, are extremely anxious to turn their backs on the Royal borough. On Friday afternoon two ballad hawkers arrived from London with a plentiful supply of papers, printed in the old Seven Dials style, entitled the "Court-martial at Windsor." With stentorian lungs, they commenced singing the doggerel verses in Park-street, and were speedily surrounded by a crowd of customers. When the singers arrived near the Town-hall, they were set upon by a party of soldiers, and only escaped a good thrashing by being taken under the protection of the police. They were subsequently ordered to desist from either singing or selling to offensive and irritating a production. It is greatly to be feared that, if the regiment be not speedily removed, serious disturbances will take place between the soldiers and the civilians, as the former now consider any disrespectful mention of the 46th reflects upon themselves as well as their officers. The other day a party of Eton tradesmen, boating upon the Thames, near Swandridge, called after some officers similarly engaged. The officers resented the insult, and ran their boat alongside that of the Etonians. A smart contest at splashing with oars then ensued, and for a time the officers had the advantage; but the leader of the tradesmen, chancing to find a scoop at the bottom of his boat, so completely damped the courage of the 46th, that they were compelled to beat a precipitate retreat.—On Saturday, as Major Maxwell and Adjutant McAlester were walking up High-street, Windsor, a boy, named Simms, said to one of his companions, "Don't you remember?" The other boy replied, "I have no recollection whatever." The dialogue was overheard by Major Maxwell, who forthwith ordered a soldier to take the boy into custody, and lodge him in the police-station. On Monday the lad was brought before the Mayor, when Major Maxwell said, "I would rather see the youth discharged. I merely wish to put a stop to insults the officers have been subjected to when walking in the streets, which is very disagreeable." The Mayor was anxious to put a stop to any annoyances to the regiment; and, in discharging the boy, cautioned him against a repetition of conduct which might lead to disturbance in the town.

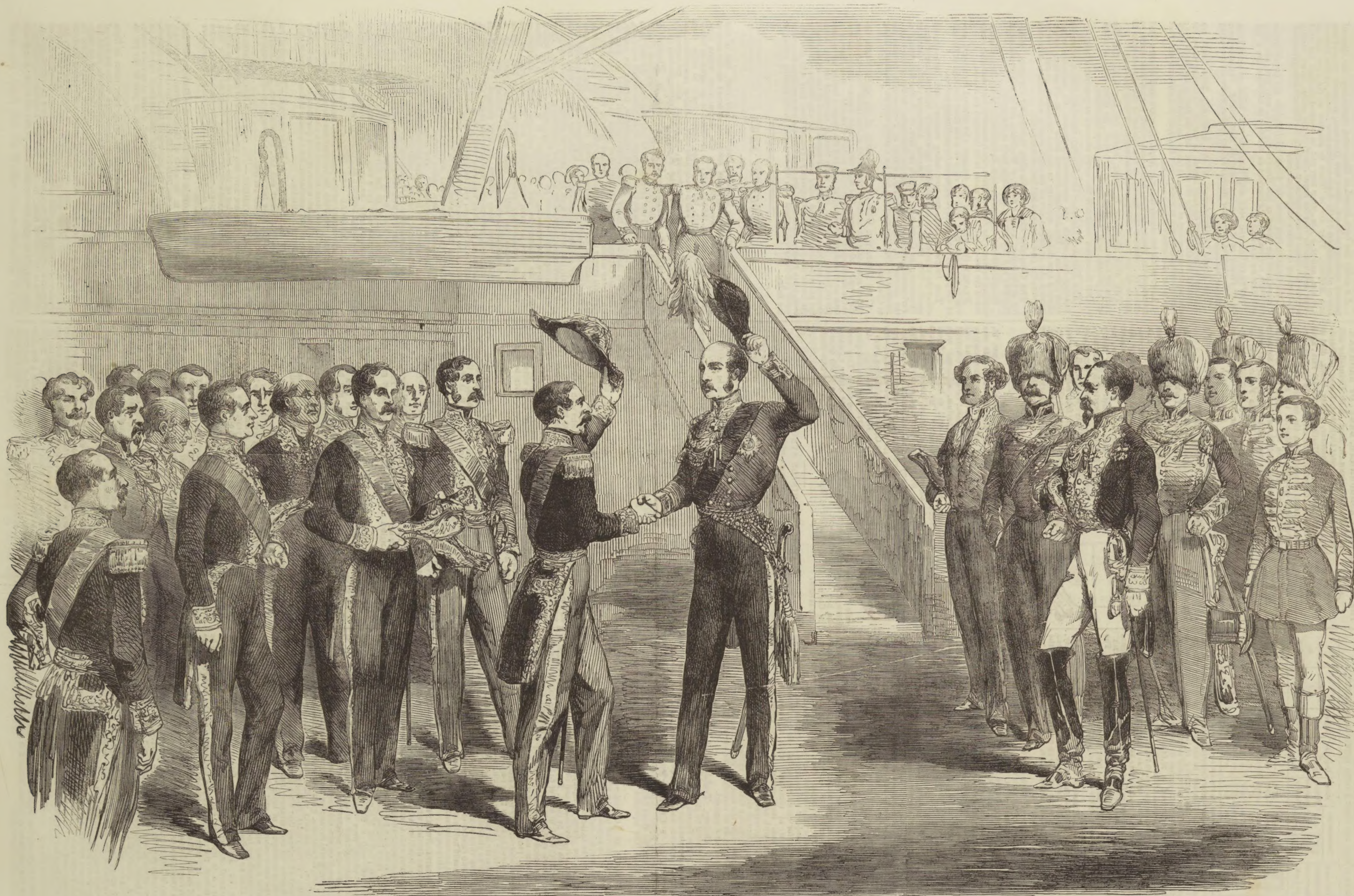
PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION.—The twenty-second anniversary of this association commenced on Wednesday, at Manchester. Sir John Forbes read the report of the benevolent fund, which reported 67 cases relieved at a cost of £556. The number of annuitants is now ten, at a cost of £147 per annum. In the evening the local members of the association held a *conversazione* in the Picture Gallery of the Royal Institution.

TURN-OUT OF OPERATIVES AT MANCHESTER.—The operatives employed by Messrs. J. Guest and Co., manufacturers, New Islington, Ancoats, Manchester, have turned out, in consequence of the employers requiring a reduction of three per cent.

THE ANTI-TOLL MOVEMENT.—The riots at Kelso are becoming positively chronic; there are now two detachments of military there—one of dragoons, and another of the 82nd Regiment; but still the unfortunate toll-gates are no sooner erected than they disappear, rather than are removed. On Friday week, toll was exacted for carriages and horses only, foot passengers being allowed to pass free, so that the rioters have obtained a partial triumph.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLL'S GOLD DIGGINGS.—During the last week gold has been found in the north of Glenbracken, Kirkmichael, on the property of his Grace the Duke of Atholl; and has also been found to the north of the Cairnwell, on the property of Mr. James Farquharson, of Invercauld. In both places the precious metal is found imbedded in the detached pieces of rock which there abound. From an analysis made, that which has been found near the Cairnwell is as pure as any got in Australia.

THE LATE JOHNSON JEX.—The following inscription is from a tablet recently put up in Letheringsett churchyard, to the memory of Johnson Jex, the village blacksmith:—"Born in obscurity, he passed his days at Letheringsett, as a village blacksmith. By the force of an original and inventive genius, combined with indomitable perseverance, he mastered some of the greatest difficulties of science: advancing from the forge to the crucible, and from the horseshoe to the chronometer; as quiring by mental labour and philosophic research, a vast and varied amount of mechanical skill and general knowledge. He was a man of scrupulous integrity and moral worth; but, regardless of wealth, and insensible to the voice of fame, he lived and died a scientific anchorite.—There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."



MEETING OF PRINCE ALBERT AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, AT BOULOGNE.—(SEE PAGE 255)



PRINCE ALBERT, THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, AND STAFF, AT THE REVIEW AT MARQUISE.—(SEE PAGE 255.)

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.

We have news this week of moment about two of our fine English cathedrals—Gloucester and Peterborough. The former was on fire—the fire destroying the Bishop's throne. Surely there has been great culpability somewhere: a searching inquiry should be made at once, for future safety. We can ill afford to lose so noble a structure as Gloucester Cathedral. The other news is of a far different kind. It is cheering news. Peterborough Cathedral, it appears, was thrown open to the public, free of fees of every kind, on the 8th of February last; and between that period and the 17th of the month just past nearly six thousand persons have visited it without doing—so the mason's report runs to the Dean—"two shillings worth" of damage to the structure. The good Dean of Peterborough, to whom the public are indebted for this wise act of proper confidence, complains that some of the public will insist on paying the vergers, and suggests that the money thus bestowed might take a different channel—not a building fund—not a Dean and Chapter fund—but a fund for the sick and destitute inhabitants living under the shadow of the noble old cathedral.

The levers of English water-colour art (now a wide and increasing circle) will learn with regret that one of the best-known of the members of the Old Water-Colour Society is no longer among us. Mr. Charles Bentley (newly removed by death from pursuing the art he loved and understood so well) was always a large and important contributor to that choice collection in Pall-mall East, which Mr. Copley Fielding's catering never fails to make one of the attractive sights of London, from April to June in every year. Mr. Bentley was under fifty years of age when he died. In 1834 he became an Associate of the Old Water-colour Society; and, in 1844, a full member. When he joined that little phalanx of able artists, Prout and Dewint, Varley, Barret, and MacKenzie were then of the body and in the body. Death, indeed, has made sad havoc among them. Bentley delighted in painting the coast scenes of England and France, and there are few places of pictorial attraction, either at home or abroad, within his range, that he was not well acquainted with. His class of subject will be best recalled by the drawings he exhibited in the year in which he was made a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, and he was seldom seen to greater advantage than in that year. They were these:—1, "Spithead—a Seventy-four Firing a Salute on Leaving Port;" 2, "Dutch Boats off the Coast of Holland;" 3, "On the Thames, an Indian being Towed up—Early Morning;" 4, "Town and Castle of Dieppe from the Sea;" 5, "Mont St. Michel, Coast of Normandy—Early Morning;" 6, "Port Madoc, North Wales—Storm Clearing Off;" 7, "Dieppe Pier—Fishing Boats Going Out;" 8, "Making Signal for a Pilot off St. Malo;" 9, "Fishing Boats Running into Harbour;" 10, "Near Burgh, Fens of Lincolnshire." Mr. Bentley was a prolific and ready artist. He looked on nature for himself, and had the rare merit of always selecting the best point of view of every place he undertook to recall by pencil and colour. His fault was a certain coldness of manner, from which no charm of general conception, or beauty of aerial perspective, could entirely withdraw the eye of the spectator. His works are to be seen in the portfolios and on the walls of the best collectors; and any young artist may well be proud to have it said of him that what he has done is a happy following out of what Mr. Bentley had done before him.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Macleise's fine picture (of the present year), the "Marriage of Strongbow to Eva," is not to be confined to a distant gallery and the caprice of any private collector. He is to paint the same striking subject in fresco (with such alterations as the requirements of fresco demand), for the Painted Chamber of the Houses of Parliament. We congratulate the Fine-Arts Commissioners on this fresh instance of their good judgment, and the country on the acquisition it is about to obtain.

The Glasgow people have been giving a banquet to Baron Marochetti, the sculptor, on the completion of his statue of the Queen. Sir Archibald Alison, who is rather dictatorial in his tastes, as he is over-confident in his history, was the getter-up of the affair. The Baron (an able man) was an importation of Sir Archibald's, and was pitted (successfully, too), by the Baronet, against Sir Francis Chantrey for the execution of the Glasgow equestrian statue of Wellington. Public banquets to sculptors (however well deserved) have been rare occurrences in this country. We can hardly fancy Flaxman figuring at such an entertainment; but, in common with others, we congratulate the Baron on what the Baronet has done for him, and more cordially on what he has done for himself.

Mr. Bentley announces the "Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington." Are the standing orders of the House of Lords likely to be infringed by such a publication? Mr. Madden is to compile the work. We trust we shall have no laboured eulogium on Gore-house, like that passed by Mr. Macanlay on Holland-house, or that by Justice Talfourd on Charles Lamb's little and late suppers.

The District Surveyors of London are in arms against a recent paragraph in our column of "Talk." We called attention (some of our readers will remember) to the new house now in course of erection in Cheapside; and, after pointing it out as a sort of wretched rival to one of Wren's great masterpieces, we added, regretfully, that our district surveyors have, we fear, no power to prohibit such unwelcome additions to our streets; "and, if they had, are generally too much interested in a large expenditure of stone and brick, to restrict height, and too barren of taste to forbid excrescences." This, our able contemporary (the *Builder*) calls a gratuitous and unfounded sneer, as "a newspaper's notion of district surveyors." "It is true (we are told) that the district surveyors have no power to restrict the height to which this house is being carried; and, in this free land, it would be a monstrous stretch of power if they had. If, then, they are powerless, under the Act, to prevent the evil complained of, why need the writer travel out of his way to impute improper motives, and attribute a want of taste? The expenditure on the 'stone and brick' in no way affects the fee which the Act of Parliament authorises the district surveyor to receive: he has, therefore, no interest in adding to the cost of the house."

Now, this is all very well, as far as it goes, one monstrous proposition excepted—that of allowing any man to disfigure a city just as he likes. But the case is not truly stated. An improper motive we would not attribute to any district surveyor. But architects, unintentionally perhaps, favour fellow architects; and, though the surveyor of the great house in Cheapside has, in money, nothing more than the Act allows him, his fee being unaffected by the outlay on brick and stone, yet he has, we repeat, an unconscious interest in winking at new work, however faulty in taste, inasmuch as the architect, he is surveying in Cheapside, has next day to survey him in Clapham or at Kensington. We are not in love with Committees of Taste, but we should like to see some control exercised over the building freaks of shopkeepers and warehousemen. Why should a wholesale mercer be suffered to disfigure Cheapside, or a Manchester warehouseman to erect a monstrous and unsightly structure under the very wing of St. Paul's Cathedral? If things useful are alone to be erected, down with the graceful column near London-bridge—

If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

If district surveyors, as a body, are the men of taste the *Builder* thinks them, we should like to see them armed with some controlling power, so that the street architecture of London may not show Batty Langley on one side and some vintner turned Vitruvius on the other side of a leading thoroughfare—yes, and that thoroughfare one which men of real taste are obliged to frequent and see twice a day, at least—architectural disfigurements of a kind now unhappily too common in London.

MUSIC.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The eleventh anniversary of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival commenced on Tuesday, in St. Andrew's-hall. This is a triennial meeting; but the last took place in 1852 instead of 1851, Mr. Benedict, the conductor, having gone to America with Jenny Lind; and the committee, out of respect to Mr. Benedict, or fearful that the charities would suffer—having postponed the meeting for a twelvemonth.

Among the principal vocal performers engaged were Mesdames Angiolina Bosio, Clara Novello, Anaida Castellan, Weiss, and Dolby; and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Gardoni, Reichardt, Belletti, Weiss, and Lablache. The orchestra consisted of nearly the entire band of the Royal Italian Opera, with additions from various sources; and the choral force—80 trebles, 60 altos, 60 tenors, and 70 basses—was selected from the Norwich Choral and Ladies' Choral Societies, assisted by the chorus of the Royal Italian Opera and Exeter-hall.

The experiment of a Tuesday morning rehearsal, tickets 2s. each, which was well attended, had the effect of thinning the attendance in the evening. The first part of the concert included Handel's delightful serenata, "Acis and Galatea." All the vocalists sang their parts with an apparent pleasing rivalry, each in turn eliciting loud applause. *Acis* was represented by Mr. Sims Reeves; *Galatea*, by Madame Clara Novello; *Damon*, by Gardoni; and *Polyphemus*, by Belletti. Part third included a selection of a dozen pieces, selected from Beethoven, Auber, Viennetemps, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti, H. Leslie, and Benedict. The committee did not seem to have taken into account the strong disposition of a Norwich audience to encore pieces that are pretty well sung. These encores prolonged the concert till after twelve o'clock. The finale was very effective, but before it was finished most of the audience had left the hall.

On Wednesday morning St. Andrew's Hall was crowded, in galleries and aisles; and a better assemblage of the rank, fashion, and beauty of the county has seldom been seen. The performances commenced with Beethoven's service in C, and the solos were sung by Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Weiss. Full justice was done to the music, both by the vocalists and chorus. At twelve o'clock the performance of the "Creation" commenced. The general opinion was, that, from the beginning to the end, its performance was all that could be desired. Madame Clara Novello sang the air "With Verdure Clad" so beautifully, that, by request, it was repeated. The concluding chorus of the first part, "The Heavens are Telling," was most effective, and the whole audience rose during the performance.

HARP ENTERTAINMENT IN BEAUMARIS CASTLE.—On the 11th inst., by permission of Sir R. B. Williams Bulkeley, a large concourse of the residents and visitors at Beaumaris, were enabled to enjoy, in the fine old ruins of the Castle, some very good harp-playing by Mr. T. D. Morris. The scene was truly picturesque, and the entertainment good. Mr. Morris's variations on "Pen Rhaw" were both well played. Mr. Morris had some slight vocal assistance to vary his performances; but, as he used a pedal harp, he can scarcely be considered to have enlightened his hearers much on the subject of Welsh playing; nevertheless, satisfied with what they heard, and considerably struck by the singularity and beauty of the scene, his audience were in no humour to find any fault with the artist on that account.

ITALIAN OPERAS IN DUBLIN.—The first of a series of Italian operas was performed on Monday night, in the Theatre Royal. The company embraces the following distinguished artists, viz.:—Mdlles. Sophia Cruvelli, Marai, and Albini; Madame Albini; and Tamberlik, Tagliafico, Fortini, Polonini, Lucchesi, &c. The opera produced was "Norma." The house was well filled with a brilliant audience, and the speculation promises to be a highly-successful one.

ST. COLUMB CHOIR.—In connection with a beautiful church, now building at Notting-hill, by the Rev. Dr. Walker, Rector of St. Columb Major, Cornwall, as a memorial to his father and mother, a college of choristers of the above name has been founded for the training of sixteen or twenty boys for the purpose of performing full cathedral service daily.

THE THEATRES.

MRS. FITZWILLIAM.

We have this week to record the painful circumstance of the death of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, on Monday evening, from cholera. So sudden was the attack, that she had attended rehearsal at the Haymarket in the morning, and died in a few hours. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Copeland, the manager of the Dover Theatre; and was born in 1802, and two years afterwards is said to have appeared on the stage, as one of the children in the "Stranger," and the boy in "Pizarro." Charles Ingleton heard her sing at ten years of age, "Savourneen Deelish;" and at thirteen we find her performing in "The Poor Soldier" at the Dover Theatre. At the age of fourteen she was placed under Mrs. Bland, and much thereby improved her powers as a ballad-singer. Afterwards engaged at the Haymarket, then under the management of Messrs. Morris and Winston, she made her debut as *Lucy* in the "Review;" and afterwards as the *Page*, in "The Follies of a Day." In the country she had taken higher roles; and there Mr. Thomas Dibdin, having seen her *Bianca*, in "Fazio," that gentleman engaged her for the Surrey Theatre, where she acted the heroine in Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Mid-Lothian." She also acquired great popularity as a French ballad-singer in the Manager's "Harlequin Hoax." Her reputation now took her to Drury-Lane, under Mr. Elliot's management, and there she appeared in the farce of "Maid or Wife;" afterwards called "The Married Bachelor." On Mr. Webster's undertaking the conduct of the Haymarket she returned to that theatre, and continued to be attractive on its boards until she went to America; after which she returned to it. While at Drury, our heroine was married to Mr. Fitzwilliam, then (1822) a popular actor of Irish characters, but whose reputation declining, his mode of life became uncertain; and Mrs. Fitzwilliam seems to have been left to carve out her own fortune, irrespective of her husband's aid. Her later history is to be found in the chronicles of the Haymarket Theatre, of which, when Mr. Buckstone became manager, Mrs. Fitzwilliam was the principal ornament. The natural characteristics of her style made her universally popular; in fact, she was one of the liveliest and most genuine actresses that ever trod the boards. In private life she was much beloved on account of her exceedingly amiable character; and the sudden termination of her most prosperous career will be generally regretted.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE has been reopened for a short operative season. Mr. Wallace's favourite opera of "Maritana" was played on Monday, and it was supported by a company derived from various sources. Madame Rudersdorf was the prima donna; Mr. Elliot Galer represented *Don Cesar*; a gentleman named Dusek impersonated the *King*; and *Don José* was played by Mr. Corrie.

CREMONE GARDENS.—A novel aeronautic display took place at this popular resort on Monday evening; consisting of three balloons, differing much in form and size, but unitedly symbolising the efforts which France and England are conjointly making to preserve the balance of power in Europe. The principal balloon is of the usual shape; the two supporters or attendants, are colossal emblematic representations of England and France, in a reposeful attitude, as Justice and Plenty; the car, which is calculated to hold six persons, was placed in the centre. The ascent was very fine; and so calm was the evening, that for three-quarters of an hour the machine could be distinctly seen by the very numerous company, who complimented M. Hilliard by their presence at the Gardens.

HOW TO STOP A TRAIN.—Some experiments were made on Tuesday, by Captain Tyler, on the Brighton line, to ascertain how soon a train could be stopped. The last and decisive experiment was with a Brighton train and Brighton men, and by arrangement every available means was employed to stop it, on being signalled, namely, reversing the engine, shutting off the steam, applying the breaks, and making the engine to scatter sand along the rails. The effect of all this was, that the train, while travelling at the rate of a mile in 63 seconds, was pulled up in a minute and a half after the signal, and in the distance of 1339 yards. Assuming the figures to be correctly stated, and pains have been taken to ascertain them accurately, the driver of the train which caused the late collision on this line, had 1553 yards and 2 feet in which to pull up his train between the point where he might have first seen the danger signal and the place of collision.

MALAY TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.—Travellers who have arrived from Spain report that most extraordinary cures of the cholera have been made by some Malay seamen at Cadiz. There have been more cures by the Malays than by all the Spanish doctors. The Malay method of treating cholera is most peculiar. They pinch up the skin in round balls, and then rub the surrounding parts where the skin is stretched to its utmost tension.

THE AGES OF THE PEOPLE.

The duration of life with the past and the present rates of mortality in England, as ascertained by the Census, are some of the most instructive and important parts of the interesting report, lately published. Thus, dividing what has been called the century of life into five periods, or 20, 40, 60, 80, 100 years, it is found, at the present rate of mortality, that, of 100,000 persons, 66,061 enter the second period, or 33,939 die before they are 20; 58,824 enter the third period, or 46,176 die before they are 40; 37,998 enter the fourth period, or 62,002 die before they are 60; 3382 enter the fifth period, or 90,618 die before they are 80; and 99,998 never see the last year of the possible natural life of man. Actually, 111 men, and 208 women, from 100 to 119 years of age were in existence in Great Britain in 1851. Several of those in England are natives of parishes in Scotland or Ireland; a considerable proportion of them are dependent on alms, are paupers or lunatics; and the evidence, therefore, of their great age is in many cases considered doubtful; but there is no doubt whatever that some hundreds of the persons alive in 1851 had lived more than a century. One hundred years, therefore, is the possible duration of life; it was so recorded in ancient Italy, and thus the "limit of life is regulated by a great physical law which has varied little, during the lapse of 2000 years, in the climate and races of Italy and England."

Though the extreme limit of life cannot be surpassed within it, the lives of individuals, and the average duration of life in communities, are susceptible of prolongation. The mean lifetime in England is rather more than forty years, or "the children of the healthiest nation of any magnitude in the world" live only 4-10th of the possible life of man. In Surrey the mean lifetime is 48 years; in Liverpool and Manchester, 25. The mortality was not much less in all England formerly than it now is in Manchester. There is no good reason why lifetime in Manchester should be less than in Surrey, and by making Manchester only as healthy as Surrey, the lifetime of the whole population would be considerably lengthened. But already the mean lifetime of the community has been lengthened, from 25 years, its present duration in Manchester, to 40, or within five years of what it is in Surrey, and there is no good reason why the lifetime of the whole people should not be prolonged, at least equal to, if not beyond, the present mean lifetime in Surrey. The Commissioners accordingly look for a further prolongation, and say, to prolong life, "must become an essential part of family, municipal, and national policy." It must be the prolongation of town life, which becomes every year more and more the national fate. Even the efforts to prolong life contribute to it, for in proportion as they are successful, the number of the people alive at any time after a given number of births, will be increased, and they will be all inhabitants of towns. For the health, recreation, enjoyment, and duration of town life, now to be provided for, the policy suited to a rural life is not adapted. The boisterous sports which are the delight of a rustic population, must make way for the calmer intellectual recreations and more placid enjoyments which are suitable to a sedentary people. If the former require room for the chase, for the latter parks and gardens are requisite.

Not till the Census of 1851 was each person required to state his precise age; and from the difficulty of procuring such information, in no European country is it obtained. Some ladies and gentlemen have an insuperable aversion to speak the truth on the subject, or they are not acquainted with it; and it is recorded of a statistician of eminence, that he failed to ascertain, though he tried, the ages of his wife and his cook. In the Census of 1841, 1,003,119 girls were returned between the ages of 10-15; in 1851, these should have become women of the ages of 20-25, less the number who died in the interval; but the number of women of this latter age, instead of being less than 1,003,119, was 1,030,456, whence it is inferred that in 1841 and 1851, several thousand ladies of higher ages were returned as 20-25. On this account some doubts may be thrown on the ages of females; but, making allowance for possible errors, it appears that till the age of 20 the number of males is in excess of females; that between 20-40 the females exceed the males, and the excess increases as ages above 40 are included. Between 20-40 the excess of females was 133,654 above 3,193,496 males; including all ages above 20, the excess was 405,342. The excess of females above 20 is considerably greater in Scotland than in England. In our Colonies, and in the United States, the proportions are reversed; and in them, particularly the former, the men of the age 20-40 exceeded the females in number. We gave in our Census Number an account of the relative numbers of males and females in the different places of the country. The present publication gives the numbers at different ages; and shows, between 60-80, the greater longevity of females, who exceed the males in several counties by 22 per cent: in Somerset, 25; in Cornwall, 30; and in London, 37 per cent. The proportion of women above 80 living in "unhealthy" London is 197 to 100 men, and exceeds the proportion in any English county. In some parts of Scotland, the proportion of elderly females is still greater than in London, and is in general greater in Scotland than in England.

These are some only of the many curious facts recorded of our population. It is an obvious deduction from what is just stated of females, that in proportion as society is composed of greater numbers of them, or in proportion as the males emigrate, its mean lifetime increases. It is obvious, too, that mean life, now greater than in the last century, is prolonged as population increases, and every generation amongst us, consisting of an increasing number of persons of all ages, has in it both more youthful vigour, and more mature wisdom, than its predecessor.

SPANISH ROBBERIES.—Madrid papers mention various outrages by bands of robbers on the road from Madrid to Saragossa, and in the province of Granada. In the neighbourhood of Guadix, in the last-mentioned district, the Civil Guards came up with the outlaws just as they had robbed a church, and killed two, but the others escaped. On the Saragossa road, at a league from Almunia, in Arragon, a band of fourteen or sixteen men attacked the keeper of a lonely *venta* when he sat at his door, ill-treated him, and threatened to kill him, until he gave them 20 ounces of gold—all that he possessed. A diligence passed by just at the time: the robbers shot the conductor, and despoiled the passengers. Two Civil Guards, who were in the vehicle, knowing that two other diligences were coming up in a quarter of an hour, jumped out, and ran to warn them. The robbers sent a volley after them, and wounded one, but the other succeeded in his object. A day or two afterwards, the same band was seen on the road, quietly awaiting the arrival of diligences. Two Civil Guards, using a stratagem to make them think that a greater number were upon them, succeeded in driving them away, and the diligences passed in safety.

THE CHOLERA IN THE VATICAN.—The cholera, although by no means severe in Rome, has recently invaded the sacred precincts of the Vatican, and thrown the inhabitants of the palace into the utmost consternation. The sculptor Pistrucci, a relation of the engraver of that name employed in London, at the Royal Mint, who was occupied in some ornamental mouldings in the palace last week, was the first victim of the disease there; and his death, on the 26th ult., has been followed by those of two or three others of the Papal household. In consequence of this manifestation, precautions are now adopted to purge from infection the persons of all visitors to the palace, and no one is admitted to the presence of the Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, or any other of the palatial dignitaries, without previously having undergone a good fumigation. Indeed, it is impossible to get in without passing the chlorine ordeal, as the lower gates of the palace are closed leading to the courtyards, and the only access is now up to the Scala Regia, and across the Great Hall to a long narrow corridor in which the fumigating apparatus is placed, and through which the visitor is inducted by an officiating gendarme. Cardinal Antonelli, at whose suggestion this sanitary cordon has been established, is said to be very much alarmed at the cholera; and some of the other prelates resident in the Vatican have so far yielded to their fears as to abandon their apartments in the palace altogether.—*Letter from Rome.*

PRICES OF WHEAT, FLOUR, AND BREAD, IN LONDON AND PARIS.—The highest quotation of wheat of the first quality in Paris is 43s. per 1½ hectolitre, which is equal to nearly 66s. 7d. per quarter; and the highest price of white wheat of the first quality in London being 62s. per quarter, it follows that wheat is nearly 7½ per cent dearer in Paris than in London. The highest quotation of flour of the first quality in Paris is 55s. 40c. the 100 kilogrammes, which is equal to 56s. 2d. per sack of 280lb. English; and, the highest quotation of flour in the London market being 50s. per sack, it follows that flour is nearly 12½ per cent dearer in Paris than in London. The price of bread of the first quality in Paris is 40c. per kilogramme, which is equal to nearly 7d. per 4lb. loaf, English weight; and, the price of bread in London at the full-priced shops being 9d. the 4lb. loaf, it follows that bread is nearly 29½ per cent dearer in London than in Paris. The second quality of bread in Paris is quoted at 32c. per kilogramme, which is equivalent to rather more than 5½d. the 4lb. loaf.

STEAM BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND FRANCE.—It is intended to establish a line of iron screw-steamers between the Mersey and the river Loire in the west of France. A commencement was made on Saturday by the launch of the new iron screw-steamer, named the *Loire*, from the building-yard of Messrs. Thomas Vernon and Son, at the south-east end of Brunswick Dock, Liverpool. It is intended that she shall call at Bordeaux, Charente, and Nantes; and the object of the projectors is to avail themselves of the good understanding which now exists between this country and France, in order to realise the full advantages of commercial intercourse.

THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO BOULOGNE.

On Saturday the Emperor went on foot to visit the Hospital of St. Louis, followed only by a few Generals, and was loudly cheered in his progress. On Sunday morning he left Boulogne for the Camp at Honvaut, followed by a numerous and brilliant staff, to be present at high mass.

The visit of the Emperor to the Camp at Equihen on Monday was not attended by any large military manoeuvres, it being merely a visit of inspection—the troops being drawn up in line in front of their small tents, and the Emperor riding along the lines. The small sack-tents were inspected with minuteness, and several of them struck and pitched again in an incredibly short space of time. The troops at the Camps of Honvaut and Wimereux were busily occupied during the afternoon in their ordinary field exercise, and they expended an immense quantity of powder in skirmishing and in volley and file firing.

At noon on Tuesday, the Emperor went to Ambleteuse, where the 10,000 men in camp defiled before him, as on the two preceding days at Equihen and Honvaut. With his suite he travelled by carriage to the small village of Wimelle, which lies a short distance inland from the Camp of Wimereux. There they all mounted on horseback, and, with a large body-guard of Guides and gendarmes à cheval in attendance, formed a magnificent cavalcade.

On Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock, the Emperor left Boulogne for the Camp at Helfaut, in order to make the necessary dispositions for a series of military manoeuvres on a grand scale; which was expected, if the weather proved formidable, to commence on Thursday, at an early hour, at a village called Escœulles. An invading army will be supposed to advance from St. Omer with the view of attacking Boulogne. They will be met by a large force stationed between Escœulles and Desvres; and a series of military evolutions will commence, which will end in the retirement of the army of defence upon Boulogne. The troops were to encamp upon the field on Thursday night, and on Friday the feigned engagement was to be resumed until the fate of the city of Boulogne will be supposed to depend upon the issue of a pitched battle.

These evolutions will terminate for the present the campaign of the Army of the North. The Emperor was expected to leave Boulogne for Paris on Saturday, and to return to the Camp in about a week. The journey to the Belgian frontier is postponed until his return.

The *Gironde*, of Bordeaux, gives the following, on what it states to be undoubted authority:—"The Emperor, preserving the strictest incognito, will leave Paris on the 18th, and arrive the same day at Bordeaux, where he will sleep; and on the following day will proceed to join the Empress at Biarritz. Two days after, their Majesties will quit their residence and return to Dax, where a fête will be given on the occasion of the inauguration of the part of the railway between Dax and Bordeaux, at which their Majesties will be present. From Dax the Emperor and Empress will proceed without further stoppage to this place, where they will arrive in the afternoon."

AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL.—Bill Johnson, the American smuggler, whose exploits on both sides of the St. Lawrence, and in the intricacies of the Thousand Islands, made him famous during the rebellion in Canada, some seventeen years ago; and who, as a consequence of his eccentricities, suffered a long imprisonment in the jail at Albany, now fills the post of lighthouse-keeper on Rock Island—one of the above-named group—a short distance below French Creek. The island is what its name imports—a clump of rocks almost destitute of natural soil: but Johnson has quite a productive garden thereon, his vegetables deriving their sustenance from earth which he had transported from the main land in his boat. The salary of his office is small—either 350 or 400 dollars—but he lives frugally, and by picking up something outside of his regular business, by means of fishing and kindred pursuits, he manages to save a considerable portion of the amount every year. He is contented and happy, and fond of seeing visitors, to whom he recounts the romantic incidents of his eventful career, and magnifies the achievements which have given him so much notoriety. He gives an amusing account of the manner in which he obtained his office, through the instrumentality of Governor Marcy. He went to Washington, without recommendations or credentials of any kind, depending wholly upon his personal character. Obtaining an interview with the Governor, he disclosed his wishes, without ceremony or circumlocution. "I'm Bill Johnson," said he; "you know me by reputation, as I do you, if you don't know me by sight. I want the place of lighthouse-keeper on Rock Island, in St. Lawrence. If you can give it to me I shall be thankful; if not, I must try and do without it." "I've heard all about you, Bill, and know you perfectly well; you shall have the place." And a line from the Governor to Mr. Secretary Guthrie did the business at once.

PARKS IN LONDON.—Since the year 1830, four new parks have either been formed, or are in the course of formation, throughout the metropolitan districts. Primrose-hill, containing sixty acres, was completed in 1842; Kennington-park, containing eighteen acres, is now enclosed, laid out, and nearly finished; Victoria-park, containing no less than two hundred and sixty-five acres, was completed in 1849; and Battersea-park, containing three hundred and nineteen acres, is now in the course of formation. The sums expended upon these various places of resort amount, in the aggregate, in round numbers, to £380,000.

PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO BOULOGNE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

BOULOGNE, Sept. 11, 1854.

FIFTY years since, the great plateau which stretches above the town of Boulogne to Honvaut and Wimereux, towards Calais, was alive with all the bustle and din of war. Tents were pitched, drums were beating, and trumpets sounding. In the distance the white cliffs of England shone, as they did last evening, brightly and distinctly to the naked eye; and, though fifty years have elapsed, the plateau is again covered with tents, drums are beating and trumpets sounding, and, as far as the eye can reach, the emblems of war meet the view. If a veteran of the Vieille Garde were to emerge from his tomb, he might fancy that the great army assembled had for object the conquest of the opposite shores.

What a happy change has since then taken place! The chivalrous sons of France now stand side by side with our gallant countrymen, fighting against despotism; their united flags forming, as happily expressed by the Emperor Napoleon III. at the recent banquet given to the Royal consort of our Queen, "a rainbow of liberty" against despotism. The general effect produced by the visit of his Royal Highness Prince Albert to France, has convinced every one that the *entente* between France and England is truly cordial, and there exists at the present moment a friendly feeling between the two nations—and I include every class of the population—which promises well for the future peace of the world.

The announcement that Prince Albert was to visit Boulogne created a considerable stir in this quiet population, and every incident connected with the visit became a matter of paramount importance. When the Folkestone steamer arrived on Saturday, the 2nd inst., the quays were crowded with curious spectators, to witness the arrival of the Guards. The steamer, however, steamed quietly to her moorings, no Guards being on board. A few hours later the smoke of another steamer became visible on the line of the horizon, and the crowds on the quays assembled denser than before. There was no disappointment this time. A loud cheer from the crowd welcomed the arrival of a small detachment of the Guards to French soil—an event which had not taken place since the celebrated meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. With the Horse Guards came twenty fine horses belonging to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. They were all landed without accident. The small detachment of Guards consisted of five Life-Guardsmen and two Blues. As soon as their steeds were landed, they saddled them with the greatest nonchalance, seemingly paying but little attention to the curious gaze of the crowd. An incident occurred between the time of their landing and of their mounting, which will illustrate better than anything else the good feeling which prevails in France towards our army. Among the crowd were a number of the Guides, which, until the formation of the Cent Gardes, were regarded as the crack regiment of the French army—fine fellows, handsomely dressed, and picked men. As soon as the first Life-Guardsman was ready to mount, two of the Guides went up to him and cordially shook him by the hand. A little boy, who did not reach quite up to the knee of the Guardsman, but who spoke the two languages, and acted as interpreter, intimated that they wished to drink a glass of wine with him. No sooner offered than accepted; and, on the open square in front of the *douane*, the Guardsman touched glasses, and quaffed a bumper to their mutual prosperity. The men and horses elicited universal admiration, and as they rode off in a body to the lodgings provided for them they

were loudly cheered. "En voilà de beaux gillards," said an Englishman, somewhat proud of his countrymen, to a pretty little grisette, standing in the square, who did not seem quite satisfied that the Guides appeared short near the stalwart Britons. "Vous croyez, Monsieur," she replied, "que nous n'avons pas des comme ça ici? Eh, bien! vous vous trompez!" And with an indignant "Est-il bête cet Anglais!" she walked off.

The dress and martial appearance of our Life-Guardsmen will bear comparison with any body of men. The Cent Gardes of Louis Napoleon are, doubtless, a splendid body, and when in full costume, with helmet and cuirass, have a fine appearance. Their undress partakes too much of the theatrical—a sky-blue frock-coat, with gold lace; red trousers, with gold stripe; a cocked hat, very tight waist, and straight sword. They are splendidly mounted, and are picked men. Their pay is more than double that of any other regiment. They form a devoted body-guard round the person of the Emperor.—(One of the illustrations represents a very spirited scene of fraternisation between our Guards and the French Gardes.)

Although your readers are *au courant* of all the events of the week preceding the arrival of H.R.H. Prince Albert, a short retrospective summary may not prove uninteresting. On Sunday the 3rd inst., King Leopold of the Belgians and the Duke of Brabant paid a flying visit here. They left on the same evening at six o'clock. The Emperor accompanied his guests to the small Belgian steamer which took them away. Their Majesties were loudly cheered by the crowds assembled to witness the departure. Shortly after noon on the following day (Monday, 4th), the young King of Portugal, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Oporto, the Duke of Terceira, Baron de Sarmiento, and Baron de Paiva, Portuguese Minister at Paris, entered the city amidst the roar of cannon. A detachment of Guides escorted the Portuguese Monarch to the Imperial residence at the Hôtel Brighton. At two p.m. the Emperor drove out in a carriage and four, with his illustrious guests. The Emperor wore the grand cordon of Portugal, and the King the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. Accompanied by a staff, they proceeded to the Camp at Honvaut, where they passed in review the 23rd, 41st and 56th regiments of the line, and the 8th battalion of Chasseurs à pied. At half-past six the King of Portugal took leave of the Emperor.

Various reasons have been given for the very short visits of their Majesties of Belgium and of Portugal. The resignation *en masse* of the Belgian Ministry may have necessitated the immediate return of King Leopold, and the King of Portugal may have had important engagements elsewhere; but the visits of Kings are not like those of other men. Rules of courtly etiquette are laid down, which cannot be evaded; and it was the wish of the Emperor to devote himself exclusively to welcome the Consort of his ally Queen Victoria, and devote his time to him during his stay. The visit of Prince Albert is a fact of great political importance, and the cheers that greeted his arrival have doubtless echoed in St. Petersburg.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of Tuesday, the 5th of September; the sky was blue and cloudless; and a fresh breeze blew from the sea. At an early hour all Boulogne was on foot. The pier from seven o'clock to nine became gradually crowded with elegantly-dressed ladies and eager spectators. Telescopes were in great regulation to get a first glimpse of the squadron. Every preparation had meantime been made in the town for the reception of his Royal Highness. From the Hôtel Brighton, round the railway station, over the bridge and along the quay to the landing-place, poles had been erected, with flags flying, forming a pleasing and brilliant coup-d'œil. Shortly after nine o'clock the paddle-boxes of the *Victoria* and *Albert* became visible through the glass, and the greatest excitement prevailed along the pier. The Captain of the port, in his gig, pulled by twelve sailors, with a pilot, now pulled outside the port to await the squadron. The hulls of the Royal yacht, of the *Black Eagle*, and the *Vivid*, soon became distinct to the naked eye. Onwards they came at full speed, the united flags of England and France floating in amicable folds from the main of the Royal yacht. The guns from the batteries announced that the Emperor had left Hôtel Brighton to welcome his illustrious visitor. This act of especial courtesy was a compliment paid to the Consort of the Queen of England. His Excellency Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador to the Court of France, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of War, were seated in the Emperor's carriage. Two other carriages contained the Emperor's staff. A detachment of the Cent Gardes preceded and followed the cortège. The Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard and troops of the line formed a continuous line from the Hôtel Brighton to the landing-place. The Emperor was in full uniform, with the broad red ribbon of the Legion across his breast, and various stars and orders. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff and all the civil authorities of the good city of Boulogne.

Having succeeded in obtaining an excellent position for observing all that passed, I am able to give you a faithful account of the meeting between the Emperor and Prince Albert. The Emperor was nearly five minutes at the landing-place before the Royal yacht came up. He was looking remarkably well, and conversed and laughed with the distinguished officers near him. The *Victoria* and *Albert*—amidst the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of liege subjects of our beloved monarch, and the no less enthusiastic shouts of the assembled French—glided up the harbour, and along the quay. The Prince, in a Field-Marshal's uniform, was standing on deck; by his side were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Seaton, and other officers. It was about twenty minutes past ten when the yacht was moored alongside. The Emperor and the Prince raised their hats as soon as they perceived each other. The Prince, on stepping ashore, again raised his hat; the Emperor then put out his hand, and a most cordial shake was exchanged. The coup-d'œil at this moment was magnificent—all the vessels in the harbour gaily decked with flags; brilliant uniforms in every direction; ladies' dresses of every hue. The batteries fired a salute of nineteen guns; and the military bands played "God Save the Queen." The cheering never ceased till the Imperial carriages had entered the Imperial residence.

After partaking of *déjeuner* with the Emperor, his Royal Highness left the Hôtel Brighton at four o'clock, with his Majesty, to visit the Camp at Honvaut. The troops were drawn up in line to receive them. They were loudly cheered as they passed along the line, the troops presenting arms. The seven Life-Guards and Blues escorted the Prince on horseback. In the evening the streets of Boulogne were brilliantly illuminated, and fireworks were let off from the heights above Capécure.

Wednesday passed over quietly enough at Boulogne. At seven in the morning the Emperor and the Prince left Boulogne to visit the Camp at Helfaut, and inspect the troops at St. Omer. They did not return till the evening. Crowds were assembled all day on the quay near the Royal yacht, which was visited by thousands. The *Hornet*, 17 (screw), the *Malacca*, 15 (screw), and *Salamander*, 6 (paddle), forming the escort of the Royal squadron, anchored in the roads at an early hour in the morning, and fired a Royal salute. They also came in for their share of visitors.

Not having been present at the review of St. Omer, I cannot pretend to give you an account of what took place there. The camps commence at Honvaut, on the plateau above Boulogne. This is a permanent Camp—no tents are visible. The men are quartered in clay huts. Each hut holds twelve men. In fact, Honvaut is an immense village of many hundred clay huts, with stone kitchens down the main street. High mass is performed here on Sundays. There is also an excellent *cafè*, with billiard-rooms. Weather permitting, dancing takes place every Sunday evening. Beyond Honvaut the white tents of the camps at Wimereux and Ambleteuse are visible. They stretch along the coast to a distance of five or six miles. There is another Camp in the direction of Montreuil. These Camps form the base of a triangle of which St. Omer is the apex. There is another Camp at the Capécure side. "France, at the present moment, is an aut-hill of soldiers," observed a French officer to me, yesterday as I was sitting with him in his hut, at Honvaut—"we could provide a million of men, if wanted; and believe me," he added, "if Prussia does not decide, next spring we cross the Rhine." This officer had served many years in Africa, and is the colour of mahogany. He assured me that the most perfect cordiality and good feeling existed among the men, as regards England; and expressed his conviction that the whole world could not do anything against the two allies. This is not an individual opinion, but is shared by all men here.

Of the grand banquet given by the Emperor to Prince Albert, at the Hôtel Brighton, I am able to give you some details. The Prince sat on the right hand of the Emperor; the French Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of War, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Seaton, General Grey, Lord Cowley, the Hon. Captain Denman, and other officers of the Royal Navy and of the Imperial Staff, took their appropriate places. After dinner, the doors were closed. The Emperor proposed the health of her most gracious Majesty in nearly the following words: "J'ai l'honneur de proposer un toast à l'honneur de notre allié intime Sa Gracieuse Majesté la Reine d'Angleterre." The Emperor then alluded to the pleasure the visit of Prince Albert had given him, and finished with a sentiment of a political character, which was received by a burst of applause from all present. He said that the united flags of France and England

formed a rainbow of liberty which would annihilate the yoke of despotism ("forment un arc-en-ciel de liberté qui anéantira le joug du despotisme").

His Royal Highness Prince Albert replied in French, in a most appropriate speech. He expressed the gratification he experienced at his visit. He felt confident that his reception by the Emperor would be a cordial one, but the reception he had met with from the French people had touched him deeply. He expressed a hope that the Emperor would visit England, and felt confident that his reception by the English people would be as warm and friendly as that he had met with at Boulogne.

On Thursday the Emperor paid a visit to the Royal yacht; the weather was intensely hot, but it did not prevent crowds of elegantly-dressed ladies from waiting hours to witness the procession. The depth of the port of Boulogne allows vessels of heavy tonnage to anchor alongside the quay. It was about four o'clock when the Emperor arrived; he was attended by his staff and the usual body-guard. Prince Albert accompanied him. They were both loudly cheered as they stepped on board. The officers of the Royal yacht, assembled in a body, were introduced by the Prince to the Emperor, who conversed with each of them. They then went down stairs to the state cabin to partake of refreshment. The crew of the *Victoria* and *Albert* stood in rows along the bulwarks (there being no yards to man), and cheered lustily—a hearty British cheer—which rang through the air; and a finer set of tars cannot easily be found; they, in fact, with the Life Guards, came in for their share of admiration from the fair Boulonnaises. The Emperor only remained a short time on board the yacht, and then proceeded to his residence in the same order he had come.

In the evening a grand ball in the open place called the Tintineries, was held; the place was lit up à la Vauxhall. A slight shower prevented many persons going. "God Save the Queen" and "Partant pour la Syrie" were played once or twice during the evening, and each time loudly cheered. Tri-coloured "ties" adorned the necks of many of the English guests. During the day the band of the "Guides," reported to be the best band in the French army, played a variety of opera airs and popular dances in the garden before the Etablissement. The Etablissement is to Boulogne what the Pavillon is to Brighton; it is the rendezvous of the visitors. There is a reading-room, and balls are held three times a week.

The great event of the week was the grand military display held on Friday. It had been announced some days previously, and every vehicle and horse in Boulogne was pre-engaged. Fabulous prices were asked for donkey-carts; and on Thursday a horse was not to be had for love or money. Being a prudent man, I secured a horse—warranted to stand fire—on the Monday. The spot selected for the military manoeuvres was the village of Marquise, about ten miles from Boulogne, on the Calais road. The troops from the various Camps had on the previous days been concentrated near Marquise. The manoeuvres were to consist of a regular sham battle; the enemy to be commanded by General Schramm, the Imperial troops by the Emperor in person. Everything was planned and conducted according to the rules of war. At half-past five a.m. I mounted my steed—which, if no Arabian, nevertheless carried me well through the heat, and dust, and smoke of the day; and, having once been a trumpeter's horse, happily was not alarmed at 12-pounders going off at each side of him, and showed the utmost contempt at a whole battalion firing point-blank at him. The road was already alive with good folk hurrying to the scene of operations. Sturdy pedestrians, carriages with fair damsels and their pals, in uniform, were scattered over the road, jogging on at about three miles an hour. About half-way to Marquise, an Imperial outrider galloped past me; two Aides-de-Camp then passed me, at full speed. A cloud of dust behind me, and the tramp of many hoofs, made me aware that something extraordinary was coming. An open barouche, containing the Emperor and Prince Albert, drawn by four splendid horses, with positions, going, at the least, fourteen miles an hour, came rattling along the road—up hill and down hill, without stopping—at a break-neck pace. Behind the Imperial barouche came another carriage, with four posters, containing the Imperial General and Staff; and behind that, again, a *char-à-banc*, containing all the officers of the Royal squadron. They were soon lost in a cloud of dust.

At Marquise I found a squadron of Guides drawn up. They set off at a hand-gallop, to form a sort of body-guard of cavalry round the Emperor.

Having been informed that General Schramm (the enemy) was to commence the game, I pushed on beyond Marquise, leaving the Imperial troops drawn up on the heights near Marquise. Descending the valley, I rode up the opposite side, where I found General Schramm, with a staff of some twenty officers on horseback, near a small farmhouse; in front of which a battery of six field-pieces was drawn up. A little to the left was another battery; and in the fields behind a copse, drawn up in line of battle, a strong body of infantry. On the opposite heights the Emperor and his staff were visible, moving about. Skirmishers were thrown out in front; a squadron of the Guides was drawn up to the Emperor's left; on the right was a windmill. The sun shone gloriously bright, and thousands of bayonets glistened in its rays.

The plan of the manoeuvres was as follows:—Schramm with his troops was supposed to have effected a landing near Calais, and to be advancing on Boulogne. The Emperor had advanced from Boulogne to oppose his further progress. Having bivouacked at Marquise, the enemy came in sight on the morning of Friday, 8th September. The Emperor's right wing rested upon the village of Hydrique; his left, on the hamlet of Letquent. Schramm's right rested on the village of Bernes; his left, on the farm-house at Blacourt.

At twenty minutes past seven a.m. the field-battery on Schramm's left opened fire. A cloud of blue smoke, a flash, and a loud report, announced that the battle had commenced: five other clouds, five more flashes, and corresponding reports, followed instantaneously. An artillery officer next me was thrown violently, and his horse rolled over him: he was, happily, able to get up again. A masked Imperial battery behind the windmill on the Emperor's right opened a fire with heavy guns on Schramm's battery. Aides-de-camp galloped to and fro on both sides: other batteries opened fire; and the roar of artillery broke the air, the sharp brass guns speaking most melodiously. The Emperor ordered a feint attack on Schramm's right. Troops were sent out to meet them; but the Emperor's right wing advanced and drove them back. General Schramm evidently had the worst of it. The Imperial troops advanced down the side of the hill, keeping up a brisk fire of musketry; it was responded to for some time; when Schramm ordered a retreat, and the batteries wheeled round and rattled over the uneven ground at a canter, and took up another position a quarter of a mile further back, with a thick copse to the left.

The Imperialists were now rapidly coming up; and, wishing to join them, I stuck to the vicinity of the farm-house, being the only man of General Schramm's division who did not retire. For the rest of the day I was very politely allowed to ride with the Emperor's staff. There were two or three gentlemen in plain clothes, and one lady, who sat her horse splendidly, and rode like Di Vernon.

General Schramm now retreated in good order, fighting, towards Calais. At the wood of Inglevert he endeavoured to retrieve the day. A desperate cannonading ensued on both sides. This was a favourable moment for examining the Emperor's staff. About ten yards in front of the staff rode the Emperor. His charger, a splendid dark chestnut, pawed the ground, evidently enjoying the scene. The bride was richly gilt, likewise the pistol holsters; the stirrups were of gold. The Emperor—who, as I have already observed, sits his horse with grace and ease—had on a dark blue frock-coat, with stars and orders, and the broad red sash of the Legion of Honour across his chest, the cross appended thereto hanging just over the hilt of his sword. His face was sun-burnt, and he appeared full of health and spirits. Close behind him, also on a chestnut, in a Field-Marshal's uniform, rode his Royal Highness Prince Albert, also with the broad red sash and order of the Legion—not given to him, as was supposed by many persons, on the field, by the Emperor, but, I believe, by Louis Philippe. His Royal Highness looked remarkably well, and the expression "C'est un bel homme" was constantly made use of by the spectators. Lord Seaton, the Duke of Newcastle (in a Hussar yeomanry uniform), General Grey, two Aides-de-Camp, rode near the Prince. A fine old Egyptian, a Russian General, Marshal Vaillant, General Rolin, Generals Coite and Montebello, Colonel Fleury, &c., all splendidly mounted, rode close behind, with some thirty or forty other Generals and Aides-de-Camp. Behind them came some of the Emperor's body-guard, and two Life-Guardsmen, and one of the Blues, on their black chargers. The fine martial appearance of these men attracted considerable attention. After observing the fight at Inglevert, for a few minutes, the Emperor put his horse to a hand-gallop, and we had a canter across country, putting up an unfortunate puss, which took the hill in fine style, leaving the staff far behind her. We pulled in at a large open space, where the Imperial cavalry was drawn up in a line of battle. These charged the retreating troops, and threw them into confusion. General Schramm succeeded in changing his front for the purpose of checking the flank movement, and finally succeeded in falling back, in good order, on Hervelinghen—near the mill of which the fight was renewed. Passing Mount Couple, the retiring infantry formed



VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH TO THE ROYAL YACHT, AT BOULOGNE.

squares to resist the charges of the cavalry. The enemy was beaten, and General Schramm to Ussant, the spot still designated as Caesar's Camp, where he embarked to invade England.

This terminated the fighting of the day. The Royal party found an ample and repast in an elegant pavilion erected near the Château d'Alenham. All along the road small picnics were established. Hammers were unpacked, champagne corks flew about, and universal jollification commenced. The road to Epom is dusty enough, but I will back the Boulogne road against any in Christendom in that respect. Horses and carriages, guns, baggage carts, vivandières (by no means so elegant as Jenny Lind in "La Figlia!") general officers, detachments of cavalry—all in one great moving mass, moved on, some fast, some slow, in the homeward direction. The whole country soon had the appearance of one vast camp. Each soldier carried a tent stick, and in an incredible short time tents were pitched, fires lit, and pots au-feu cooking.

Taken all together, the sight was magnificent. I do not like to hazard the amount of military on the field. It was given at between 50,000 and 100,000 according to different versions.

During the manoeuvring, Prince Albert expressed a wish to go over and see General Schramm's division. The Emperor immediately ordered young Ney, one of his Aides-de-Camp, to accompany and explain the manoeuvres to his Royal Highness. With the exception of the fall already mentioned, I do not believe that a single accident occurred.

In the evening his Royal Highness took his departure for England. From the Hôtel Brighton to the Royal yacht, the road was brilliantly illuminated. The initials V. A. N. E., in variegated lamps, adorned the façade of the Custom-house. The sea was as calm as a lake, and a fine clear, bright moon was in the heavens. The whole population of Boulogne turned out to give a parting cheer to the illustrious visitor.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the Imperial escort, with outriders

bearing torches, arrived on the quay. Sitting on the right hand of the Emperor, in an open calèche, Prince Albert evidently seemed touched at the enthusiasm of the people, and the preparations to do him honour. The crews of the Royal yacht, *Black Eagle*, and *Vivid* held blue lights, which had a curious and brilliant effect upon the surrounding buildings, shipping, and crowd. The Prince having taken leave of the Emperor, Generals, &c., entered the Royal yacht, which, on weighing, sent up a shower of brilliant rockets, amidst the cheers of the crew. The whole scene was one of fairyland, and will long be remembered at Boulogne. When outside the harbour, the *Victoria* and *Albert* sent up another splendid bouquet of rockets as a last greeting.

Thus ended this memorable visit. England and France are now joined, instead of separated, by the narrow Channel which runs between them. The national feeling between the two nations is now one of love and sympathy. The united flags of France and England "form a rainbow of liberty to destroy the yoke of despotism."



FRATERNIZATION OF THE BRITISH HORSE GUARDS AND THE FRENCH CENT GARDES, AT BOULOGNE.—DRINKING HER MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

THE MONUMENT OF LORENZO DE MEDICI.

He meditates, his head upon his hand. What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls? Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull? 'Tis lost in shade, yet, like the basilisk. It fascinates, and is intolerable. ROGERS.

ONE of the most judicious resolves of the Artists engaged in the superintendence of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has been, to assemble within its crystal walls, in Courts of corresponding artistic character, the principal works of ancient sculpture, as Mr. Ruskin felicitously phrases it, "on a scale which permits the exhibition of monuments of art in unbroken symmetry."

One of the noblest examples occupies the centre of one of the arcades of the Italian Court: it is the celebrated Monument of Lorenzo de Medici, by Michael Angelo, from the famous Capella dei Medici, attached to the Church of San Lorenzo, at Florence. It was executed by the order of Leo X., who died in 1521; but was not completed (together with that of Giuliano, on the opposite side of the Court), till the time of Pope Clement VII., also a Medici. By aid of Mr. Delamotte, as photographer and draughtsman, we have engraved the first named monument, which is thus described in the "Handbook to the Italian Court," by Mr. Digby Wyatt and Mr. J. B. Waring:—

Lorenzo de Medici, the nephew of Leo X., to whom this monument was raised, was only noted for his vices, inherited by his daughter, the notorious Catherine de Medici. He died in the year 1519. A man of Lorenzo's character could never be respected by such a man as Michael Angelo, to whose stern and noble soul the vices of the former must have been peculiarly repellent. We need not expect, then, a monument in honour of that Prince; and should regard it rather as the chef-d'œuvre of those purely ideal subjects, which no man before or since Michael Angelo's time has so thoroughly rendered.

Thus the statue of Lorenzo himself has received from the Italians—ever quick at comprehending the artist's meaning—the name of "Il Pensiero," Thought. And much better does it present an idea of some stern and terrible being, watching with unswerving gaze the course of Lorenzo's life—an armed Fate awaiting his disembodied soul—rather than a representation of Lorenzo himself.

We think that in order justly to appreciate this monument and its companion, they should be regarded only as expressions of sentiment or embodiments of some thought; and as such they rank certainly among the most remarkable productions of the kind which the great author of them has produced.

The reclining statues on the pediment are called Twilight and Dawn. Nothing can we believe more grandly mysterious than the unfinished head of the figure by which Twilight is allegorised; the Aurora or Dawn is represented by a

female figure of great power, whose relation to the subject named is, however, not quite clear. They are especially fine examples of the style of composition advocated and practised by Michael Angelo, which we have

der his care, and who appreciated his invariable kindness to them. The Monument—executed in marble, by Mr. Richard Westmacott, R.A.—is placed within a moulded recess of Caen stone, in character with



THE MONUMENT OF LORENZO DE MEDICI, BY MICHAEL ANGELO, IN THE ITALIAN COURT, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

already alluded to; but to him alone was it given to unite exaggeration to truth without offending. His followers copied his faults, for they are the most easily detected; the spirit was wanting which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; and it is Michael Angelo alone who could successfully venture to do what Michael Angelo alone did.

Forsyth highly commends the chasteness of the design of the Chapel de Medici, "though its architect was a prince, and its walls were destined to receive the richest crust of ornament that ever was lavished on so large a surface." The figures of Twilight and Dawn, on the pediment of the Monument, are unfinished; "but," says Forsyth, "so sacred is the terror of Michael's genius, that these statues remain untouched and inviolate, in the midst of restorers who are daily trifling with the sculpture of antiquity."

THE LIEBIG TESTIMONIAL.

THIS magnificent group of Plate is now attracting the highest admiration at the Industrial Exhibition at Munich; and, as a fine specimen of British artistic design and working in metals, it merits that distinction. It has been purchased for presentation to Baron Liebig, the eminent chemist, out of a subscription of upwards of one thousand pounds (£1000 5s. 6d.), from about 300 subscribers; among the names of which are eminent statesmen, and men of celebrity in almost every branch of science.

After paying the expenses of collection, &c., the net balance amounts to £920—one-half of which was expended in the purchase of five pieces of Plate, manufactured by Messrs Hunt and Roskell; Baron Liebig having expressed a wish that the gift should consist of the above number of pieces, in order that each of his five children may inherit a portion of the plate—consisting of the Warwick Vase, two Candelabra, two Claret or Beer-jugs. The remaining £460 was expended in the purchase of a bill in favour of Baron Liebig.

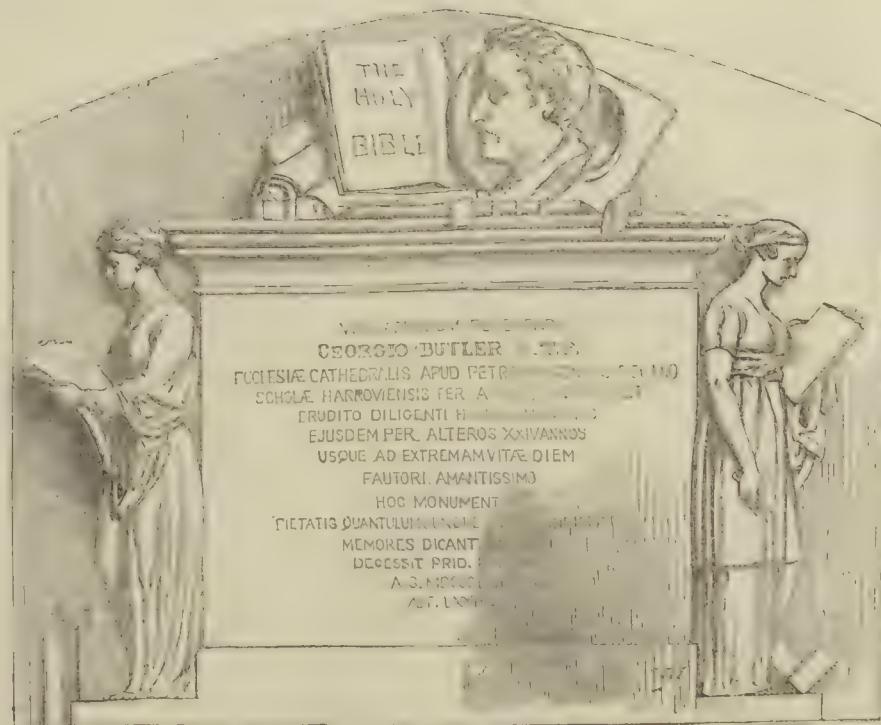
Dr. Hofman, Professor of Chemistry at the School of Mining (Jermyn-street), is charged with the presentation of the Plate, and an address emblazoned on vellum.

MONUMENT TO DR. BUTLER, IN HARROW CHURCH.

THIS very interesting tribute to the distinguished work of the late Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Butler, has recently been erected in Harrow Church, by the contributions of those old Harrovians who were un-



THE LIEBIG TESTIMONIAL.



MONUMENT TO THE LATE REV. D. BUTLER, IN HARROW CHURCH.

for many years magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Middlesex, aged 75.

AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Last Night of the SPANISH DANCERS, Monday, and during the Week. Mr. Hudson, the Irish Comedian, will make his first appearance since his return from California. The Spanish Dancers in two new Ballets.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Mr. E. T. SMITH begs to announce the SEVEN FAREWELL PERFORMANCES in person of that celebrated Actor, Mr. G. V. BROOKE, previous to his sailing for Australia; and in order to meet the many requests that these last representations should be of his most famous Characters, the following have been selected:—On Monday, Oct. 2nd, Virginia; on Tuesday, Oct. 3rd, The Stranger; on Wednesday, Oct. 4th, Richard III.; on Thursday, Oct. 5th, Claude Melnotte; on Friday, Oct. 6th, On Saturday, the 7th, Hamlet; and on Monday, the 9th, Mr. Brooke's Farewell Benefit, Macbeth. The Box-office is open from 11 till 4, where places may be secured for any of the nights.

EMBARKATION OF G. V. BROOKE for AUSTRALIA.—This eminent Actor, under an engagement with Mr. Coburn for two hundred nights in the Australian Colonies, and to embark in November, can only have the honour of PERFORMING in this country as follows:—At the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, up to the 23rd inst.; at Whitehaven, from the 24th to the 28th; at London, for Seven Farewell Performances, on Friday, Oct. 6th, at Cambridge, on the 12th, 13th, and 14th Oct. 7; and at the new steam-ship "Pacific," Captain W. C. Thompson.—N.B. Mr. G. V. B. will appear in London in his celebrated character Virginia, The Stranger, Richard III., Claude Melnotte, Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER, at the LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. HENRY RUSSELL will Sing, during the Week, Cheer, Boys, Cheer, Far upon the Sea. Long periods have been, and might be, made of this song. To the West, Parting Tear, Land! Slave Sale, Slave Chase, and African Village, at 3.1. Each. The Copyright Edition of the above songs can only be published in a cheap form, in the MUSICAL BOUQUET.—Offices of the "Musical Bouquet," 192, High Holborn; and 21, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row.

NEW ADDITIONS.—Her Majesty, Isabella, Queen of Spain—Espanero—the Duchess of Kent—the Duchess of Gloucester—the Sultan of Turkey—the Emperor of Russia, &c.—MADAME TUBSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square.—Admission, 1s. Napoleon Rooms, 6d.

TURKISH EXHIBITION AND MUSEUM.—ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE-PARK-CORNER, Piccadilly. Open daily from ELEVEN till TEN (Sundays excepted, when it closes at Six). Admission, 6d. Children, 1s. 6d. Saturday, 5s. 4d. Children, 2s. 6d. Family Tickets for Five, 10s. Schools admitted at Half-price. Herr Kerlitzky and his Band are engaged.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S-PARK.—Follows and Visitors are informed that a FEMALE HIPPOPOTAMUS, presented by His Highness the late Pacha of Egypt, has been added to the Collection. The Band of the First Life Guards will perform, by permission of Colonel Parker, every Saturday at Four o'clock, until further notice. Admission, One Shilling; Monday, Sixpence.

BRIGHTON.—CARADORI, FORMES, and BERNET will appear at M. EDOUARD DE PARIS' GRAND CONCERT, at the TOWN-HALL, BRIGHTON, on FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 22nd. To commence at Eight o'clock. Conductor, Herr WILHELM GANZ. Tickets at the Principal Musicallers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS. The Palace is opened on Mondays, at 9 a.m., and on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 10 a.m. On these days the doors for admission is 1s. It is opened on Saturdays at noon, on which day the charge for admission is 5s.

Tickets, including conveyance from London-bridge and admission to the Palace, may be obtained at the London-bridge Terminus and at the several agencies in London. Season Tickets, including conveyance by railway, 24 s. each; without conveyance by railway, 22 s. (the usual discount allowed to families, may be obtained at the London-bridge Terminus. August. By order.

FENCING, Sword-Exercise, Gymnastics, Drilling, Boxing, &c. at the ROYAL GYMNASIUM and SCHOOL OF ARMS, 8 James-street, Haymarket (established upwards of thirty years). Open daily from nine a.m. to six p.m. for private lessons and classes. Mr. HARRISON begs to inform his patrons and the public in general that his Evening Classes for the above Exercises will commence on Tuesday, the 23rd October, and be continued every Tuesday and Friday, from eight to ten.

MADEIRA.—The Rev. ALEX. J. D. D'ORSEY intends returning to the Island on the 21st inst., and will take CHARGE of PUPILS for the English College School. Terms for Education, £20; for board, £20 to £25; Passage out and home, £15. Address, 97, Douglas-street, Glasgow.

THE CONTINENT.—The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed that COUPONS for TRAVELLING SERVANTS may be obtained at the OFFICE of INFORMATION for CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING, established in 1852. All persons connected with this office are most experienced, and of the strictest integrity, possessing testimonials from families with whom they have travelled, and can be recommended by. Apply to the Secretary, Mr. KLEINMANN, 12, Bury-street, St. James's, London.

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Nymph ..	600	Le Cousteur	Bombay	Liverpool	14 Sept.
Omer Pasha	1279	J. Thompson	Bomb. & China	Wet. India	10 Oct.
Ida ..	206	G. Bagster	Kurrachee	Wet. India	12 Sept.
Fanny ..	367	W. T. Salmon	Moulmein	Wet. India	20 Sept.
Queen of England	873	R. Pearson	Sydney	London	12 Sept.
Maid of Judah ..	756	I. Merchant	Sydney	London	25 Sept.
John Taylor	787	J. N. Cawker	Sydney	London	10 Oct.
Gannan ..	911	J. Gallie	Port Phillip	London	25 Sept.
Donnebrook	931	M. Simeson	Port Adelaide	St. Kath.	23 Sept.
Yarra ..	920	E. Row	Geelong	London	13 Sept.
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The yearly payment for each pupil is £18, of which £6 are paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter-past nine to three quarters past three o'clock. The afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to drawing.

The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages, Ancient and English History, Geography (both Physical and Political), Arithmetic and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics, of Natural Philosophy, and of Chemistry and Drawing.

Any pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education. There is a general examination of the pupils at the end of the Session, and the prizes are then given.

At the end of each of the two first terms there are short examinations, which are taken into account in the general examination. No absence by a boy from any one of the examinations of his classes is permitted, except for reasons submitted to, and approved by, the Head Master.

The discipline of the school is maintained without corporal punishment.

A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

The College Lectures in the classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Monday, the 2nd of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on Tuesday, the 17th of October. August, 1854.

GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY.—Elementary Collections to facilitate the study of this interesting science can be had, from Two Guineas to One Hundred, of J. TENNANT, Geologist, 149, Strand, London.

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SURRENDER OF THE TOWER OF PRASTO, BOMARSUND.

THE SURRENDER OF PRASTO.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Tower of Prasto, one of three forming the outworks to the great fortress of Bomarsund, stood on the north-east angle of the island of that name. It mounted twenty guns—in two tiers of casemates; and six *en barbette*, on the roof—covering with its fire the approach from the northward to the main channel, through which ships must pass in going to the southward of the Aland group. On the 15th ult. it was invested by a combined force of French and English Marines, with some field-guns; and on the morning of the 16th it was bombarded at long range, for nearly three hours, by a squadron of English and French steamers, under Rear Admiral Plumridge, without receiving any material damage. On the surrender of the large fort becoming known, this fort ceased firing; and at 5.30 p.m. a white flag was hoisted on the tower, the gate thrown open, and the garrison marched out, fully equipped, and formed on the plateau in front. Some companies of the investing force were immediately brought down, and the commandant, advancing to meet them, surrendered at discretion to the French and English Commanders, Lieut.-Colonel De Vassoligné, and Captain Lowder, R.M., of H.M.S. *Arrogant*. The garrison, con-

sisting of 149 men and three officers, was very shortly afterwards embarked in a French steamer for conveyance to Bomarsund. The damage done to the tower by the fire of the steamers was almost entirely confined to the roof and guns *en barbette*, two of these were disabled, and the framing of the roof considerably shattered by shot and shell; neither the solidity of the masonry nor the security of the bomb-proof defences was in any way affected. Two men were found killed, and three wounded, by the fire of the steamers, in the morning.

The accompanying Sketch, taken on the spot, represents the surrender of the Commandant of the fort to the French and English forces. On the left of the plateau are two companies of French infantry, with their colours and two field-pieces; a third field-piece in the gateway. The garrison is drawn up in front of the tower; they wore helmets and long grey coats, black cross belts, and carried long bright-barrelled muskets. In the centre, the French Commandant is in the act of receiving the sword of the Russian Colonel.

THE KULEIEH BARRACKS.

In these handsome Barracks were quartered the Scots Greys, on leaving the *Himalaya*. On the day on which the accompanying Sketch was

taken, a battalion of the Royal Artillery was disembarking from the *Jason* screw-propeller. The carriages and powder-waggons are discharged first. Next were drawn out the gun-carriages; next, a couple of flat boats with decks (as the vessel could not come close up), and then the barrels are let down into their places. On the balcony of the Barracks, directly in front of the vessel, was a Turkish band playing for the gratification of their brethren in arms. The English and French soldiers cannot understand why the Turks should claim any superiority, and they have no idea of being a whit lower than any one; consequently, the Turks begin to get knocked about in a way they never dreamed of till now. When the troops first arrived, an English soldier, who was walking alone in the streets of a Turkish quarter, met a harem, accompanied by a eunuch, as usual. The eunuch ordered him aside; but the Englishman thought he had as good a right as anybody to be where he pleased, and would not budge. The eunuch came up and tried to push him aside, but soon found himself floundering in the dust. He rose in a violent passion, and was about to revenge himself upon the soldier, but for the interference of some Turks, wiser than himself, who told him it was no use, nobody could do anything with these "Inglish."

The Sketch faces up the Bosphorus, in a north-westerly direction. These Barracks lie on the Bosphorus, about a mile above the Sultan's summer palace.



THE KULEIEH BARRACKS, CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE ROYAL ARTILLERY DISEMBARKING FROM "THE JASON."



BRIDGE ACROSS THE CAUVERY, AT TRICHINOPOLY.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE CAUVERY, AT TRICHINOPOLY.

TRICHINOPOLY, once the stronghold of British power in Southern India, and rendered famous by the deeds of Clive, Lawrence, Dalton, and other heroes, includes within its walls and suburbs a population of 70,000 persons, whose daily supplies of provisions and other necessities are, in great measure, derived from the fertile lands on the opposite banks of the rivers Cauvery and Coleroon; the former being 600, and the latter, at a mile and a half distance, 800 yards wide.

Until recently no bridge crossed either stream; the passage being effected by two public ferry rafts, formed of double canoes, or by numerous circular basket boats owned by private persons; and the delay and sometimes danger during high floods and violent winds were considerable. In 1837 the Court of Directors granted a sum of 40,000 rupees for building a bridge over the Cauvery; but, this being found inadequate, the project was laid aside until 1845, when the measure was again urged by the collector, Mr. Onslow, and sanction was given by the Marquis of Tweeddale, then Governor, to an estimate of 71,000 rupees.

The work was commenced in 1846; but in April, 1847, operations were interrupted, and the unfinished works seriously injured, by a violent and unseasonable storm, which ravaged all Southern India, so that the Bridge was not completed and opened till June, 1849, after an outlay, including all damages, of one lac of rupees, or £10,000.

The Bridge is built entirely of brick, and covered with white Chunan plaster. The foundations are of wells sunk nine feet in the sandy bed of the river, and are secured by a retaining wall between the piers. The arches are elliptic, 49 feet in span, and rising 12 feet from the springs. The piers are 7 feet thick, and 8½ feet high. The roadway is 25 feet wide within the parapets; and the total length of the Bridge from wing to wing is 1885 feet, or rather more than a third of a mile. The Bridge was designed and built by Major Edward Lawford, of the Madras Engineers.

The accompanying Sketch has been taken a short distance above the Bridge, on the western, or up-stream side of the northern approach, on the island of Seringam, and gives a view of the Trichinopoly Rock, from the summit of which waved the British standard during an investment by the French of four years, in the course of which were fought many desperate engagements, some of which were close to this spot. It will be remembered that more than 300 persons perished by suffocation in 1849, in their descent by a covered passage from this rock on the occasion of a Hindoo festival. The scene of this catastrophe has been engraved in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

HONG-KONG AND SHANGHAE.—RECEIVING THE NEWS
OF THE WAR ON BOARD H.M.S. "WINCHESTER."

(From a Correspondent.)

WHEN war has been once declared, and that war a most mighty struggle, the movements of every commissioned ship of war acquire peculiar interest; and the flag-ship, bearing the Commander-in-Chief of a station, bounded by both Polar circles, and extending round one-third of the earth's circumference, charged with the protection of our interests on Indian shores, and in the China seas, will, it is reasonable to expect, be interesting to home readers. H.M.S. *Winchester* was quietly anchored in the harbour of Hong-Kong on the 24th of May, 1854—the anniversary of the birthday of our gracious Queen, which was right loyally observed in that her distant colony, by a very creditable display of bunting, and a very absurd waste of gunpowder; proving, beyond doubt, to the eyes and ears of Terrestrials and Celestials, the brilliancy and the power of those loyal sentiments which animate true British hearts in every clime, on every day, especially on the 24th of May.

The mail-steamer from England arrived on the 25th, and great excitement prevailed when, the gun and flag of the Harbour Master's office having announced her approach, she was seen rounding the point, spreading to the breeze the signal "War is declared!" In three hours after, the *Winchester*, *Spartan*, and *Barracouta* were gliding from their anchorages, as if they felt that signal had given them some work to do, and that the sooner they went to do it, the better. The wind was adverse and very strong. The *Spartan*, having sprung her main-yard, was sent back to Hong-Kong; while the steamer taking the frigate in tow, a course was shaped northerly to Shanghai. As soon as the operation of clearing out of the harbour was done, the whole of the officers and ships' company were sent for, and when they were assembled on the quarter-deck, the Captain read to them the Declaration of War contained in the Queen's Proclamation. He then piped down; not another word was spoken—not a sound heard. There was a calm satisfaction apparent that uncertainty was at an end, that work was to be done; and a deep determination to do it thoroughly was observable on the weather-beaten faces of the people. The next thing to do was to "hammer the Russians." But where were the Russian ships? At Chusan? To Chusan, then, we first went; but no Russians were there. Between Chusan and the mouth of the River Yang-tse-Keang is a small round island, called Gutzlaff. Here we took a pilot, and, proceeding up the entrance, the *Winchester* stuck for some hours on a bank of soft mud. Next day the *Styx* was sent up to Shanghai, with the Governor and suite, who had arrived in the *Winchester*. The *North China Herald*, of 10th June, records:—"His Excellency Sir John Bowring arrived here in H.M.S. *Styx* yesterday (9th), and landed at half-past twelve (noon), under the salute due to his rank; accompanied by his secretary, W. H. Medhurst, Esq., and suite, consisting of the Hon. W. T. Mercer, Colonial Secretary, and Wm. Lay, Esq." Sir John has plenty of work on his hands. He wants to be at Nankin, to develop or comprehend the policy of the great Tae-ping-wang. It won't do to allow Sir

George Bonham, and then M. Bourboulon, and more recently Mr. McClane, to plead, with varied success, the cause of their respective countries, and not to come up to their mark, or, haply go beyond it. Where the *Hermes*, *Cassim*, and *Susquehanna* have steamed with these magnates, the *Encounter* or *Rattler* must yet steam with Sir John Bowring. Never was it more important to feel the pulse of this populous nation; never was wisdom more needed to guide the councils of those who will have to mould and shape the new treaty. But Sir John is fully alive to all that is going on. The prosperity of Shanghai is a favourite idea with him. Its fine climate, fertile soil, commanding position, rising wealth and commerce, would indicate to a mind less active, sagacious, and practical than his, capabilities which must place Shanghai at the head of English ports in China. But war has paralysed trade. The warehouses are full of the manufactured goods which, in peaceful times, would have been bought by the Chinamen, and dollars could be got for them; but now the merchants are drawing on England, at 6s. 8d. to 7s. the dollar. The people at Shanghai will not take any dollars except those of Carolus III. and IV.: these they call the China dollars; all others are foreign, and despised accordingly. Large numbers of new old dollars are being made, and Mexican are received at Canton, as well as Spanish: two facts which will open the eyes of the Chinamen at Shanghai, in due time, to the superior value of the Mexican dollar. Besides Nankin and Shanghai, Sir John wants to visit Japan. The Russians have been there, and it is reported that they have succeeded in making some sort of treaty with them. Their settlement at Corea is near; and it is of great importance to them to establish amicable relations with Japan. Now that war is declared, we must drive them out of that locality; and our Admiral says we are on the way thither. The Americans have induced the Japanese to relax somewhat in their exclusive anti-social customs. They went to work on right principles there. They were politely received. They brought with them a complete railway; engines, carriages, and all the necessary fixings. It was

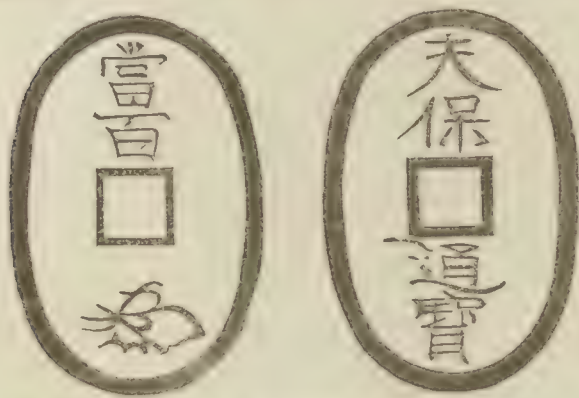


SHANGHAE, FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.

a mile in length: they were permitted to lay it down on the shore, and they set an electric telegraph to work on the line. These phenomena astounded the natives, who crowded in thousands to see them. The Yankees instructed some of the most intelligent in the manner of working the engines and telegraphs; and the delighted Japanese continued to work them day and night, for more than a week, without any intermission, like children who seem as though they would never tire of a new toy. The Americans deserve great credit for the tact and energy they have called into play; and they merit, and will probably reap, great commercial benefits from the trade; but they must not be suffered to enjoy a monopoly of it, nor do they expect it; but they have the start, and are ready to compete with any or all.

A very superior quality of bituminous coal was found at Chin-kiang-foo, as also at Nankin and Wu-hu. The mountains not far from the latter are said to contain coal in great abundance. It is most important that this vast mineral wealth should be developed, as an auxiliary to the steam navigation of the river; and not only that, but for our own use. We have now four war-steamer here at this moment, and no coal; and when a cargo does come, it costs £10 or £12 the ton. The *Susquehanna* was under steam fifty-one hours and twenty minutes, ascending from Woosung to Wu-hu, and thirty-one descending the river from Wu-hu to Shanghai. The mission is said to have been a complete and mortifying failure. Americans were told they must approach low in the dust, bringing tribute, if they were to be heard; and that they might as well ask to see God himself as Tae Ping Wang. They learned that the rebels, having subdued the central districts, were going through the tea provinces; that they had sent an army of 40,000 men towards Peking, and that they disclaim all connection with the Shanghai rebels, because they smoke opium and tobacco and commit other impurities.

The United States corvette *Fandalia* has just arrived from Japan. Commodore Perry was there. The treaty was progressing tolerably. One port had been opened, and the other was to be open in eighteen months. Some disappointment seems to attend a better acquaintance. The treaty recognizes the old Hong system. The natives either do not possess, or will not bring forward, much to trade in. The Commodore wanted to advance to Yeddo, the capital, and got his steamers in motion; whereupon the Princes handed him their sharp swords, entreating that he would stab them, to save them the trouble of doing it themselves, and to avert disgrace and death from all their families. The steamers were recalled, and the Princes remain unscathed. The Japanese coins are remarkable for their beauty: one fine copper coin, worth 100 cash, passes at the rate of 48 such coins for a dollar. The Commodore fixed the rate at 1200 cash for the dollar—its value at Hong-Kong. (We have engraved one of these coins, actual size: it is of very fine copper, as thick as a penny; the rim is thicker, and the workmanship very beautiful.)



JAPANESE COPPER COIN.

On the 16th, Samqua, ex-Taotae of Shanghai, came in to the Consulate to hold a conference with the Admiral and Sir John Bowring. It lasted from noon until four o'clock. He was directed to state to the English that the Emperor absolved them from blame on account of their late attack on his camp. The Emperor argued, "he deemed it very improbable that two or three hundred men would dare attack fifteen thousand, unless their case was clear and strong." Samqua had vapoured a good deal about his own dignity; stating that he was competent to treat about high matters. It was suggested that it might be desirable to have the Emperor's decision given in writing. Whereupon Samqua drew in his horns; said he could not do so—it was business, he was only a simple collector of customs, &c. The Admiral expressed his regret that some of our people had suffered in the affair. Samqua replied, that if the Admiral had an idea how much more considerable the loss had been on the other side, he would not even think on his own. He said, "We should soon retake the city if you would only let your ships help us." "Probably," was the quiet reply.

The Viceroy of the province resides at Soochow, sixty miles distant. Sir John Bowring and he are anxious to meet each other, to settle the affair, and the question of the duties. But neither will first propose the interview. The opium-receiving ships have been ordered to leave Shanghai, and have dropped down to Woosung. The merchants are afraid the Russians will cut off their vessels; one has offered 30,000 dollars for the *Postok*. The French steamer, *Colbert*, furnishes a guard, like the English ships; but the Yankees won't even carry a bag of bread for us or our ships. We can get no tidings of the Russians. The last thing seen of them was by the *Slyx*. She was lying at anchor one hazy morning in May, when the little steamer *Vostok* came close before she was aware. The haze rose upwards, and at eight o'clock the steam-sloop crossed top-gallant and royal yards. The little Russian found herself close to a British man-of-war ten times her size; she flew for her liberty; war was not yet known to have been declared; the *Slyx* followed to observe her course; but, after doublings and dodges innumerable, the *Vostok* escaped in a fog. A little before this, several Russian officers were passing the evening at an hotel in Shanghai. The mail was overdue, and they were uneasy and anxious. An English officer of the *Spartan*, whom they knew, rushed in with a newspaper in hand proclaiming peace, he was seized and hugged with such vigour and glee, that he says he will be cautious during the rest of his life, even bearing the olive branch among the Russians; and he declares that he never yet saw a set of men emancipated from such a state of uneasiness as these Russians before.

The accompanying View of Shanghai is from an original Sketch by a Correspondent. Shanghai is now a very important settlement, composed of about twenty arms of English, American, French, and German merchants. The houses which they have erected, and the factories or warehouses for the reception of the tea, are on an extensive scale; and the English town presents a river front remarkable for architectural elegance. The gardens adjoining the merchant houses are planted with every kind of tree, native and foreign, suited to the climate, which may, in many respects, be compared to that of Marseilles. English apples, pears, peaches, apricots, grapes, and green-gages flourish luxuriantly by the side of Chinese peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, and many fruits unknown in Europe. The country round Shanghai is very flat; the tide, which rises in the Wusung River seven feet, overflows parts of the district granted to the English merchants for their houses and factories; and, before they could build, it was, in most cases, needful to raise the ground several feet with the mud of the river. The Chinese town is distant from the English settlement about a mile and a half; it contains above one hundred thousand inhabitants. Many of the native merchants are very rich, and their transactions with the English and American firms amount yearly to several millions sterling. Their city is protected by high walls, and ramparts, which extend about three miles in circumference, thus closely hemming in a vast population. The river opposite to the town presents a most animated appearance: it is about the width of the Thames at Woolwich. A forest of masts greets the eye, showing the great amount of native trade carried on in numerous junks, arriving and departing. Shanghai is considered by many as the key to the Chinese empire. The vast plain in which it is situated, and through which the celebrated river Yang-tse-kiang runs, is opened up to Shanghai by many smaller rivers and canals, thus bringing a vast amount of produce in tea and silk, at a cheap rate of transit to this great and increasing mart.

At Homburg the dividend on shares of 500 florins paid up in the gambling concern there was 133 florins for the six months ending March, 1854, after paying a large rent to Government, and defraying the expenses of costly establishments.

NOTES OF A RAMBLER.—No. IV.

ABERDEEN—STAGE COACHES.

So far as our experience has extended, the hotels in Scotland demand our unqualified approbation. The charges are moderate; the supply of provisions abundant and well cooked. The chambers are clean; and possess, without crowding, every convenience and comfort that the most fastidious traveller could desire. The fussy civility of the waiters—which first amuses, then annoys, and at last disgusts a stranger, on first residing at an hotel in London—is altogether absent in Scotland. Instead of the piping parrot-note of the eternal "Yes, sir," you are waited upon by persons—whether male or female—whose quiet demeanour, orderly habit, and staid respect, cannot fail to win your approbation. Every meal is supplied in profusion, with every appropriate delicacy; while there is no stint or stinginess, there is no wasteful extravagance. Marmalade, honey, and preserves of various kinds of fruit, are seldom absent from the breakfast or tea-table; while, judging from the supply so ungrudgingly and abundantly offered, it would almost appear as if the Scotch cows gave nothing but cream. The stranger in Scotland will be amused to find, for the first time, placed before him, instead of the ordinary shallow plate used for tarts, puddings, &c., in England, a diminutive soup-plate. Why it is there, or how it is to be used, and what for? are questions he will involuntarily ask himself. The introduction of oceans of cream, however, soon solves the difficulty, and in a few days the soup-plate takes its place as a prime necessity in all well-appointed entertainments.

Leaving London at the end of summer or early autumn, and travelling northward, is a wise arrangement. The fruits and vegetables peculiar to June and July in the south of England, are only perfected in the north of Scotland in August and the early part of September. The hour at which the sun sets varies very little from that of Surrey, but the longer, grey, delicious twilight is very agreeable. If the temperature is not so high during the day, it is quite so during the night, so that the contrast is not experienced disagreeably. To be able to read or write until half-past ten o'clock in Aberdeen, when, before leaving London, we had been obliged to introduce candles before nine o'clock in the evening, impressed us deeply; and we longed to pursue our wanderings so far north as to be able to see the sun renew his upward course without disappearing from the sight, and vowed to accomplish our desire at the first convenient period.

After a long ride, a bath, and comfortable dinner at the hotel, a walk in the cool of the evening was exceedingly refreshing. The streets swarmed with people. We soon ascertained that it was not only market-day, but also the usual harvest fair; so that great numbers were present, either for the purpose of hiring or being hired; and, doubtless, many assignations previously arranged made not a few hearts throb with satisfaction. The streets were thronged with carts, carriages, gigs, and every imaginable vehicle; shepherds from the hills, with dogs at their heels, slowly sauntered about; crowds of porters, with ropes twined round the body, under the right and over the left arm, lingered round the door of the hotel. The business of the market was over; country people fled the streets, on foot or in their several conveyances, whose names are unpronounceable. But why wait the porters here? The shrill piercing shriek of the coach-horn sounding in the distance, and coming ringing through the streets, breathed new life into the motley group, and explained the mystery. It came upon us like the memory of an old delicious dream. Well we remember when we first heard it, as the first coach wound its way round the base of a huge rock and rattled along the dreary street of our native village, exciting alike our rapture and wonder. Many years have passed since then, and ten or more have gone since last we listened to the music of the pealing horn, in which, although no melody or tune was formed by it, there was, nevertheless, a rounded swelling cadence that never failed to gratify the listeners, as it told of a world beyond. It sounded now in our ears like an echo from the past, as if the blast blown in the fair south, had gradually made its way to the rugged north, and there became jubilant. And who knows, but that, the next time we stand on Union-bridge, the joyous peal may have been banished from the streets of Aberdeen, and only be occasionally heard by the solitary wanderer, as it sounds along the bleak shores of the Shetland Isles! What a ferment of feverish commotion is excited, as the coach dashes along the street, and, with a crash and sudden pause, pulls up at the door of the hotel—whose landlord announces, in all the glory of golden letters, that he supplies posting horses to her most gracious Majesty the Queen. Two gentlemen in black suits rush to the coach door to ascertain what "insides" are likely to aid the exchequer by engaging private rooms and extra wax lights during the evening. A slight, very slight cloud passes over the face. There are only two—a lady and gentleman, somewhat ancient, rather lame, and not likely to be extravagant: they are ushered up the stairs, and pass out of sight; and, so far as we are concerned, perhaps for ever. While this little scene in the drama is passing, considerable excitement prevails among the few fast-going men who seem to have occupied the front of the coach, and become familiar with the driver—who is excessively attentive. Good cigars and occasional drams of whisky have the best possible effect on your genuine coachman, who is an excellent judge of character. How he "my-lords" the young gentleman with the tiniest sprouting moustache and the prettiest bud of an imperial, who lispingly receives the attention with the greatest apparent condescension, which is cheaply purchased with the extra half-crown—which the coachman, with a wink, shows the guard, so soon as the gentle passenger has turned his back. The passengers who are compelled to sit beside the guard are esteemed more lightly. The reason for the difference we have never satisfactorily settled. Perhaps, the boldest spirits, who love to witness the noble prancings of the gallant steeds, best show their daring courage by occupying the front seat and facing danger; while the more timid modestly nestle behind, where they have the guard, ever watchful, excepting when he sleeps, ready to protect them. How happens it, by-the-by, that your genuine guard manages so cleverly to sleep half the night, and yet have ever one eye open in case of need? A sleepy carter takes the wrong side—the toll-gate keeper is dead done—the break has to be screwed up;—be the necessity what it may, before you have time to speak, the guard has done what his duty demanded.

After some little higgling and considerable dissatisfaction, the numerous passengers are permitted to escape from the never-to-be-quieted satisfied coachman and guard—all save one, and there he sits in the coach with a look of wonder, apparently afraid to descend. Hitherto he had sat unnoticed. The porters, who seem instinctively to pick out those who will pay them best, took no notice of the lonely lad. Now he is in the hands of the guard, who, with a few words of direction, dismisses him; and off he trudges, bearing his clumsily-corded small brown chest on his green young shoulders. We felt interested in his fate, and followed him. His story was one familiar to this part of the country. His father was a fisherman; his mother died young. An elder brother had driven cattle to the South, and in time became assistant to the steward of an English nobleman. Steady, modest, and persevering, he mastered all the difficulties of his position, and was prepared to accept whatever promotion offered, and always able to perform its duties with intelligence. His letters home were read to neighbours, who began to speak proudly of him as a native of their parish. As he attended the principal market in the county every week, a shrewd cattle-breeder consigned to his care for sale his stock of marketable beasts, for which he obtained satisfactory prices. Others followed the same course; and,

in a few years, he was transacting a considerable amount of business on his own account. By the exercise of great economy and self-denial, he had saved some money, and taken a farm near London. This was his younger brother, on his way to join him, and we hope, to pursue a similarly fortunate and honourable career. After the death of his mother, his father had married again, and the stepmother's unkindness had induced the elder brother to offer to remove his brother and two sisters from her untender care to that of a relative, where he would provide for their various necessities, as well as for their education. The proposal was too good to be refused, and the children were removed accordingly. The father was lost in the squally weather, so disastrous on the eastern coast last year; and the entire family are now dependent on the absent son.

The moon being near the full we extended our walk to the Old Bridge of Balgownie, whose fine old arch over the whirling depths of the tawny Don, and the new bridge glittering in the distance, was most impressive. The traditional prophecy as to its downfall—

Brig o' Balgownie,
Though might be your wa',
Wi' a wife's ae son,
And a mare's ae foal,
Doun ye shall fa'—

is not likely to be accomplished soon. Passing by the awkwardness of its approaches—which, like many old structures of this character, form an acute angle on either side of the river, so that to cross it cleverly with a coach and four requires no little skill and dexterity—its strength seems such as to endure for ages. That Lord Byron and the late Lord Aberdeen should have been superstitiously afraid to cross it, is hardly to be credited.

During our short absence what a change had taken place. An hour ago all was bustle and confusion; now we are almost alone, and the only sound heard is the regular tramp of an occasional policeman.

RAMBLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

B. T. S.—Emphatically, No! The young recruit that you are so different "may not pass muster," is a supercilious and old-fashioned one. In our Chess non-ace, we have a lively remembrance of seeing him do duty in a collection of modern antiques (from whence you stole him). In after times, we traced him through Cozio, Lolli, Stampà, Ponziani, Carreri, up even to Damiano and Lucena; which we took to be the end, or rather the beginning, of his career, when your bringing him again to mind prompted us to look for him in the MSS. just brought to light, and lo! he is even there! SCHUMER.—There is an excellent Chess-club on the Pier Esplanade, at Brighton—the members meeting every day, from twelve to six. President, Paul Fossick, Esq.; Honorary Secretary, Dr. Turner.

B. A.—Our opinion of the relative powers of La Bourdonnais and Des Chappelles is well known. We think the former unquestionably the better player. It is worse than useless to speculate now upon what Des Chappelles might have done with the same incentives to exertion as his rival.

"What had been, is unknown; what is, appears." CANADIAN.—We are glad to find Chess is making progress at Toronto. The club, under the auspices of two such able and enthusiastic amateurs as Messrs. Calthrop and Cherriman, must succeed, and we have good hope that the introduction of chess papers in the "Anglo-American Magazine" will prove equally beneficial to the cause. R. R.—The blank diagrams for Chess Problems, &c., published by Messrs. Kent, 52, Paternoster row, are far superior to all others we have seen. They are much larger, on stronger paper, and, from the squares of the exchequer not being shaded or coloured, are much better adapted for inscription. When to these advantages is added the important one of their being about half the cost of the others, enough has been said to induce every amateur to lay in a stock worth while.

DERBY.—You should take nothing of the kind for granted, but patiently wait another week, to see if then your communication is noticed. There is not always time, and there is never space to answer all inquiries the same week they are made.

SCHULZ, G. D.—We believe you are in error. Look again. J. E. R., of Stuttgart.—Always acceptable. It shall be reported on next week. Your Solution of 550 is the true one.

BEATRICE, Caterick.—Your Solution of Enigma No. 386, in three moves, appears to be a true bill.

J. P.—Difficult, perhaps; but intolerably pointless and dull. MEMBERS.—There is but one "St. George's Chess-club" in London—that at 53, St. James's-street. Of this club, Lord Eglinton is President.

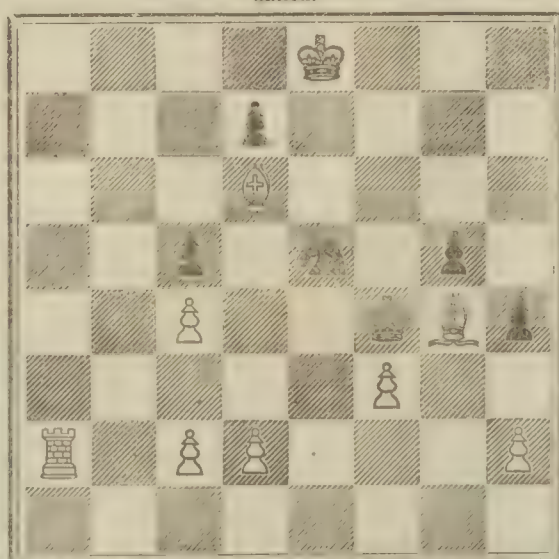
F. J.—"Can a Pawn pass a piece?"—A question not to be asked. Buy some elementary book on the game, and learn the first simple rules of play. R. F., Woolwich.—The key moves of Enigma 551, are K to Q B 3rd, and B to Q B 2nd. Your proposed Solution of No. 551, in four moves, shall be examined.

T. M., Chatham.—Pay your subscription in advance, to the Publisher, Mr. W. Little.

PROBLEM No. 552.

By C. M. INGLERY, M.A., Birmingham.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

UNPUBLISHED GAMES OF GRECO.

We resume our Selections from the Florentine MS. of Greco's Treatise. (King's Gambit.)

[This opening Greco describes as "Il giuoco di molto ingegno pericoloso per l'una et l'altra parti, detto gambito perchè si vengono ad aprire e stare col re in grandissimo pericolo."]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to Q 3rd	Castles K to Kt sq and I to K sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
3. K Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	12. K Kt to K B 4th	K Kt to K B 4th (ch)
4. K B to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 5th		
5. Kt to K 5th	Q to K R 5th (ch)	13. K to Q 3rd	Q to K B 7th
6. K to K B sq	K Kt to K R 3rd	14. P to Q B 3rd	R takes K P (c)
7. P to Q 4th	P to K B 6th	15. K takes R	P to Q 4th (ch)
8. P to K Kt 3rd (a)	Q to K R 6th (ch)	16. B takes P (d)	K Kt to Q 3rd (ch)
9. K to his B 2nd	Q to K Kt 7th (ch)		
	(b)	17. K to Q 3rd	Q B to K B 4th Checkmate.
10. K to his 3rd	K B to K Kt 2nd		

(a) "If White take the Pawn, he will so-ill (sconciarsi) his game; and if he take the Kt with his K Bishop, he will not do well." This is quite true, as the following Variations prove.

In the first place—
8. P takes P
9. K Kt to Q 3rd
10. K Kt to K B 3rd
11. Kt takes B
12. K to B 2nd
13. K to K 3rd
Q takes K (ch)
Q to K Kt 7th (ch)
Kt to his 5th (ch)
And Black must win.

In the second place—
8. Q B takes Kt
9. K takes P
10. Kt takes B
11. Kt takes K B P
12. Kt takes B
And again Black should win.

(b) We don't find this move in the modern books, probably because it is less effective with our restricted mode of Castling than with the Italian method. This move now acts: let it be the best players is P to K B 4th.

(c) Very ingenious.

(d) Greco gives the two following Variations on this move—

FIRST.	SECOND.
16. K Kt takes P 17. K to his 3rd 18. K to Q 3rd	16. K Kt to Q 3rd (ch) 17. K to K B 3rd (ch) 18. K to Q 3rd
	19. K to his 5th Q Kt to Q 2nd Checkmate.

EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, who are still remaining at Kew Cottage, are expected to leave that Royal villa at the close of the month, on a tour of visits.

The *Cassel Gazette* contradicts the report mentioned in some of the German papers, that the King of Prussia had been invited to an interview by the Emperor of Russia.

On the 5th the Empress of the French visited the *embouchure* of the Adour in the steamer *Ville-de-dax*. The weather was magnificent, and the beauty of the landscape on either side of the river excited the admiration of her Majesty, and the persons in the Imperial suite.

Prince Albert, before leaving Boulogne, presented the Captain of the port with a valuable gold watch and chain, for his services on the arrival and departure of the Royal yacht.

It is said that the Emperor intends quitting Boulogne for five or six days, for the purpose of going to Biarritz for the Empress. His intention is also to conduct her to Compiègne, and then to return to the Army of the North, to resume the great military manoeuvres.

Besides the persons decorated at Boulogne by the King of the Belgians, his Majesty has named M. le Comte du Hamel, Préfet of the Pas-de-Calais, Commander, and M. Manche de Loigne, Sous-Préfet of Boulogne, Chevalier of his Order.

The confiscation of the property belonging to Queen Christina has fairly begun. The Governor of Oriedo has seized the coal mines, which formed part of her property.

By desire of Queen Victoria, artists have made drawings of the Hôtel Brighton, and of the apartments in it occupied by the Emperor and the Prince.

A shawl has just been manufactured at Lyons for the Empress of the French. It cost forty thousand francs, and contains the arms of England and France most ingeniously woven in the lace, and the emblematic ideas and roses running round the border.

Mr. Soulé, the American Minister, demanded his passports, and took leave of Marshal Espartero on the evening of the 30th ult. Mr. Soulé intends, it is said, to reside temporarily in one of the French Departments adjoining the Pyrenees.

Lord John Russell having consented to preside at the approaching inauguration of the newly-erected Bristol Athenæum, it has been determined to invite his Lordship to a grand corporate entertainment.

The Marquis d'Albaida, ex-President of the Union Club, and who took such a leading part in the late revolution, has left Spain for a foreign country.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who is about to leave Dublin for England, is not likely, according to the report in that city, to return thither in his official capacity.

It is said that the King-Regent of Portugal is desirous to yield up the reins of Government to his son as soon as public convenience will permit. He postpones the decision of any matters to which he objects until the time when the young King shall be able to determine.

Lord Brougham is expected to take his departure for his chateau in the south of France early in the ensuing month.

A letter from Florence states that the Tuscan Government has caused Guerrazzi's new novel, entitled "*Beatrice Cenci*," to be seized.

The Aberdeen Town-council has unanimously voted a sum of fifty guineas as a commencement of a subscription to procure a portrait of the Prince Consort, to be placed in the Town-hall.

The season of the Italian Opera, at Paris, which is announced to commence on the 3rd of next month, will be inaugurated by Rossini's "*Semiramide*."

The *Nation* says that positive information has been received of the arrival of Mr. Smith O'Brien in Belgium.

On the 1st inst. the summit of Monte Rosa was attained by three brothers, E., J. G., and C. Smyth, from Louth, in Lincolnshire. Zamstein, Vincent, and others succeeded in reaching other peaks, but this is the first successful ascent on record of the highest peak of the highest mountain in Europe, except Mont Blanc.

The latest reports from Berlin say that the King of Prussia has not derived the desired benefit from the sea air and baths, and that he still suffers much inconvenience from his injured leg.

The steam-yacht *Mindelo*, with the King of Portugal and Duke of Oporto on board, attended by the Viscount Carriery, Count Sarmiento, &c., left Cowes Roads on Saturday, at four p.m., for Portugal.

Count Buol gave a grand dinner at Vienna, on the 6th, in honour of Baron de Meyendorff. Prince Gortschakoff and all the Russian Legation were invited.

Queen Marie Amélie, the Duke de Nemours, the Count d'Eu, the Duke d'Alençon, the Princess Margaret, the Countess Mollien, with other members of the Royal suite, have within the last few days returned to their temporary residence at Torquay, from a short visit to Claremont, where the Royal party attended the ceremony in commemoration of the death of Louis Philippe.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess de Brabant, the Count de Flandres, and the Princess Charlotte, arrived at Courtray, at one p.m., on the 10th inst., where they were received with great enthusiasm. In the evening there was a grand ball in honour of their visit. The King of the Belgians was prevented from attending by indisposition.

Archbishop Cullen has received £350 from the Rev. Dr. Donnelly, the delegate of the University Committee in the United States, being a further contribution from America in aid of the Roman Catholic University of Ireland.

A design for a monument to Visconti, the architect, has been agreed upon. It is to be a statue erected on a rectangular pedestal, on which will be represented the plan of the Louvre—Visconti's greatest work. The monument is to be placed in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

M. Alois Biernacki, one of the oldest of the Polish refugees in Paris, died on Friday week, at the age of 76. He was formerly Nuncio at the Polish diet, and at one time Minister of Finance.

It was estimated that the amount of property destroyed by fire in the United States during the month of August would be upwards of 4,000,000 dollars.

The *Indian Queen*, from Melbourne for Liverpool, with upwards of a quarter of a million sterling on freight, had put into Pernambuco, and re-sailed for Liverpool on the 10th inst.

The Governor of Cuba has issued a proclamation respecting the revolution in Spain, and threatening with severe punishment any attempt at rising in the colony, at the same time taking measures to put down the Slave-trade.

The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has decided that the cattle show of the society for 1855 shall be held in Carlow.

On the 27th ult. a terrific tornado passed over the city of Louisville, blowing down the Presbyterian church, and causing the death of twenty-seven persons. A large number were wounded. Fully one hundred buildings were destroyed.

A conference of members of Parliament, clergymen, and others, interested in the settlement of the tenant question, is to be held in Dublin on the 26th inst.

Official notice has been sent to Washington that American vessels will have the freedom of the St. Lawrence during the deliberations of Parliament upon the Reciprocity Treaty.

There is at present lying in the Galway docks a vessel chartered to carry a cargo of peat from Achill Sound to London. This is certainly a new feature in the export of Irish manufactures.

The Swedish journals contain the advertisement of the "*Bomarsund Gallop*," as the newest composition.

It is usual for all the Governments of Europe to present to the directors at Lloyd's copies of all charts of seas, estuaries, and rivers, made in their dominions, or under their authority. In the year 1845 application was made to Russia to furnish charts made by her surveyors, and the application was refused.

At Naples, in a small and filthy street, called Vico del San Sepolcro, 143 out of 146 inhabitants have been carried off one after the other by cholera. The authorities caused the three survivors to be removed, and placed sentinels at the entrances of the street to prevent persons from visiting it. This place of death has been since appropriately designated the Tomba del San Sepolcro.

On Friday last week, there were but 201 paupers in the Downpatrick Union Workhouse, which was originally built to contain 1000 inmates.

The exports of specie from New York this year, including that brought by the *Arctic* on Wednesday last, amount to £5,957,480 sterling.

Lisbon accounts are still very alarming respecting the prevailing vine disease, and probably not one-fourth of the average quantity of wine will be made this year. Already enormous prices are being given for new wines, and in some places not so much as a single pipe has been or can be made.

In consequence of the great fall in the price of wheat, many of the farmers in Berkshire are reducing their labourers' wages. The reduction will be to the extent of 2s. per week, viz., from 11s. to 9s.

The value of the imports at St. John's, New Brunswick, from Great Britain, for the first six months of the present year, was £481,765, being £266,134 sterling in excess of the corresponding period of 1853.

Upwards of 100 persons, chiefly miners, have left Penzance, Cornwall, during the last three days, for Plymouth and Liverpool, en route for the gold regions of Australia.

LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NOTT, G.C.B. By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Since the glorious days of Lord Clive, our Indian empire has nurtured a race of heroes who have elevated the military prowess of Britain to the highest pitch of glory. The rise and progress of a trading company of merchant adventurers, beginning with a small warehouse or factory, and ultimately becoming Lords Paramount over the whole of Hindostan, is one of the most remarkable facts recorded in history; and the retention of such a conquest is as wonderful as its achievement. The transmarine possessions of Spain, Portugal, and France, have emancipated themselves from the early yoke to which they were subjected, and the existence of the United States as an independent nation is proof that the power of England was not irresistible; but British India remains, and the permanency of the connection is evidence that what valour acquired, wisdom has preserved. It would be a gross exaggeration to bestow unqualified blame or praise on our Indian Administration, though party spirit has frequently run into both those extremes; the substantial fact remains, that, while other European kingdoms have lost their colonies, we still rule from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas; and the fair presumption is that, whenever emergencies or dangers have arisen, the civil and military authorities have been equal to the task of crushing either domestic or foreign enemies. The volumes before us are designed to illustrate one of those memorable events, in which the safety of our Indian Empire was imperilled by incompetency and blind confidence; and saved by firmness, valour, and judgment. We allude to our fatal war in Afghanistan, where 17,000 of our soldiers, officers, and followers, were massacred—only one man, Dr. Bryden, surviving to narrate the awful tragedy. This calamity was avenged, and our shaken superiority completely re-established, by the armies of General Nott and General Pollock.

The subject of these memoirs, born in Herefordshire, was descended from a respectable ancestry of British yeomen. His father was eminent in his day as an agriculturist; and, in his boyhood, the future warrior held the plough. The early education of young Nott was neglected, but constant exercise in the open air invigorated a naturally fine constitution. His military ardour was awakened at the age of fifteen, in consequence of 1400 Frenchmen landing at Fiskard, in 1797, who surrendered to Lord Cawdor, at the head of some Welsh regiments of Militia and Fencibles. The father of our hero had established himself in the town of Carmarthen, in 1794, where he resided at the time of the invasion; and in 1798, young Nott entered as a volunteer into the Carmarthenshire Militia. His ambition was inflamed, and he sighed for a pair of colours. Through the influence of a Mr. Twining, he obtained a commission in the service of the East India Company, and embarked for Bengal in the year 1800. The vessel was captured by a French privateer, after a gallant resistance, in which young Nott was severely wounded by a boarding pike. The Frenchman put his prisoners on board of an Arab vessel, excessively crowded, and, after enduring the miseries of a long voyage in such a craft, they reached Calcutta.

Mr. Nott was immediately appointed an Ensign, his commission dating from the 28th August, 1800; and in February, 1801, he obtained a Lieutenancy. "In 1804, Lieutenant Nott was selected to command a detachment of volunteers then ordered to form part of an expedition under Captain Hayes, of the Bombay Marine (now called the Indian Navy) against the tribes on the west coast of Sumatra, a Dutch settlement, who had seconded the French in their privateering attempts upon the commerce of the Eastern Seas." In this affair honourable mention was made of him by his commanding officer; but he had given offence to Captain Lambert, of the *Lord Castlereagh*, who placed him under arrest. When the returning vessel had nearly reached Calcutta his release was ordered, which he refused to accept, and, on landing, demanded a court martial, by which he was honourably acquitted; while his prosecutor "was admonished to use more caution in the course of his future service." At that time Lieutenant Nott was only nineteen years of age, but displayed that resistance to injustice, and many firmness of character, which distinguished his whole career.

As he grew older and obtained higher rank he was irritated by the invidious preference given to officers of the Royal army over the officers of the Company's army. Thus Lieutenant-Colonels in the Royal army took local rank as full Colonels when serving in India; and thus the officers of the Company's army were actually superseded in a country more peculiarly their own in a military sense. On one occasion mentioned, the Lieutenant-Colonels of the 3rd Buffs, and 49th Regiment, had been promoted, superseding thirty-one Lieutenant-Colonels. Nott was indignant at this favoritism, and loudly condemned "the pernicious and deadly system of patronage and supercession," insisting that "if the long-tried and experienced Company's officers are to be superseded and commanded by the silly and weak scions of aristocracy, or by the men of interest, whom the whim or the caprice of the Horse Guards may send across the ocean, it will not be necessary that a man should be a prophet to foretell the sad result." In another passage he says—"To fill the measure of injustice, I have to blush with indignation while my pen writes the fact, that for forty years no Company's officer has been appointed by the Court or by the King, to the command of the Indian army. True, they originally conquered the country, but the command has been given to Parliamentary influence, and to the connections of an overgrown and grasping aristocracy." He has placed on record his conviction, his decided conviction, "that a Queen's officer, be he ever so talented, is totally unfit to command the Company's army. When General Fane reviewed the army of the Indus, 15,000 strong, he exclaimed, 'Oh! how I wished, spite of my misery, to have done in half an hour what they all bungled at from six till ten o'clock.' There is, without doubt, much force and truth in the distinctions here pointed out; for field-officers, inured through a long life to the habits of the Sepoys, and generally well acquainted with the country, may be presumed to be better fitted for command than officers who have never served in the country; but Nott's language shows that he was very touchy, not to say jealous. In one of his complaints, he goes the length of affirming, 'that there are those in this army who, could they have possibly foreseen such acts, would rather have given their services and lives to most of the petty chieftains between the Sutlej and the Caspian Sea, than have entered this army, and have subjected themselves, after the banishment and toil of upwards of the third of a century, to such cruel supercession and injustice.'

When Lieutenant-General Sir John Keane took the command, a bitter quarrel took place between him and Major-General Nott, and the latter was superseded in his command by Major-General Willshire, C.B., a local Major-General; and this, indeed, was the cause of the quarrel, which is fully narrated in an account of the interview which took place between Keane and Nott—the latter remarking, at the end of a long conversation, "I see the whole affair; I am to be sacrificed because I happen to be senior to the Queen's officers." Nott addressed an appeal to the Governor-General in Council, protesting against his supercession, but, on second thoughts, did not forward it, simply transmitting the fact through Sir John Keane, who answered that he had never received it when called upon for a reply. Then Nott sent a duplicate, and afterwards a triplicate, but he never got a line of acknowledgment. He finishes this part of his grievances by stating, "Now I shall have to break through the rules of our service, by sending a copy direct to Government; but it will be, of course, much too late to do me any good, and Sir John has gained his end."

The administrative system of India recognises a policy technically known as "Political Agency." This happens when campaigns are made in hostile states, and the Agent may be a military man or a civilian. The Marquis Wellesley recognised this system; and it appears from the Indian correspondence of the Duke of Wellington, that he also sanctioned it even to the extent of allowing the Political Agent to exercise authority over the military; though he changed his views in Spain, where he perceived that practical evils resulted from the clashing between two independent authorities. The editor of these volumes very properly remarks that "the examples of the Aulic Councils of Austria and the Dutch Commissioners, should have read a lesson to the Indian Government." General Nott found it necessary to punish certain servants of the Shah Zadah Timour for notorious acts of plunder, but, as they were protected by the Political Agent, he again got into trouble, but fully justified his conduct; and this annoyance was frequently repeated while he commanded at Candahar. At length Major-General Elphinstone arrived to command in Afghanistan; and his first communication to Nott was "to go privately to work; to investigate a charge against one of his officers—the charge being that 'a staff officer, at Candahar, had appeared in public with a Mussulman woman, who had eloped from the house of a man of rank.' Nott was very indignant, and declared that no Government would ever make him 'mean enough to go prying into the private life of an officer.' Then follows an estimate of the weakness and incompetency of Sir William Macnaghten, and of

the military talents of General Elphinstone, under whose united incapacity our dominion over India was placed in the most extreme peril.

Lord Ellenborough superseded Lord Auckland in the Governor-Generalship, and General Nott now received the command. But Lord Ellenborough at first contemplated the withdrawal of our troops, on which Nott vents his indignation in the following glowing terms:—"The keen wind blowing over the bleached bones of our comrades, now in heaps on the rugged Afghan mountains, will whistle the imbecility and infamy of some high functionaries over Asia, and the thousand petty States that did tremble even at the noble lion's breathing, will in future crouch in decision if he attempts to roar. And now, just like Englishmen, the cry is 'Sepoys cannot stand Afghans.' Not stand Afghans, indeed! 1000 Sepoys, properly managed, will always beat 10,000 Afghans. I saw them do this on the 29th of last month." The sanguinary Chief, Mahomed Akbar Khan, held possession of Cabul, exulted in his triumph, insulted the captive English, and derided the once invincibility of Britain. Every man in the armies of Nott and Pollock burned with indignation, but that was succeeded by despondency when the irresolution of the Government was contemplated. At length Lord Ellenborough was decided: the signal was given, and the armies swept through Afghanistan as a whirlwind. It fell to General Nott to capture the gates of the Temple of Somnath, to which Lord Ellenborough attached an immense, but ridiculous importance, and to recover the fortress of Ghuznee; when he pushed on to Cabul, towards which General Pollock was also advancing. The campaign is too well known in all its details to require any extended narrative from us; it was decisive, and effectually confirmed British supremacy. One little incident, however, we cannot omit, for it is unique in its kind. Major Eldred Pottinger desiring to give Generals Nott and Pollock exact news of the direction in which the chiefs who had the charge of the English prisoners had fled, resorted to a hieroglyphic mode of communication most ingenious and, as we believe, original. He hit upon the expedient of phonetics, spelling English words with Greek letters, and yet excluding every Greek word. This will be found at page 139 of the second volume.

We can only add that General Nott received the Great Cross of the Order of the Bath and the votes of both Houses of Parliament, with the lucrative appointment of President at the Court of Lucknow. On his return to England, in 1844, he received the freedom of the City of London. He took up his residence at Carmarthen, where he died, in 1845, of disease of the heart. He was truly great and good; and, to use the language of his biographer, "in British military annals he will live for ever as one of the best and finest specimens every produced of the Company's Officer."

JULIAN, OR THE CLOSE OF AN ERA. By L. F. BUNGENER, Author of the "History of the Council of Trent," &c. Two vols. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Mr. Macaulay objects, in one of his essays, to a practice which he remarks has become prevalent among historical writers, both in this country and on the Continent. He says that they have professedly made a partition among them of certain literary duties which ought not to have been thus disconnected; for they should be all discharged by the same functionary. Good histories, in the proper sense of the word, we have not. But we have good historical romances, and good historical essays. The romance, to give Mr. Macaulay's allegation in brief, makes us see our ancestors; it transports us among them as they lived in their day. The essay, on the other hand, extracts from the records of the past the philosophy of history, directs our judgment of events and men, traces the connection between causes and effects, and furnishes us with lessons of moral and political wisdom.

After a very beautiful illustration, in which Mr. Macaulay compares the essays in question to maps, and the romances to painted landscapes, he proceeds to show to what a whimsical length the practice has been carried in France. M. Sismondi first publishes a grave history of the Merovingian Kings; and then he sends forth, as a companion to it, a novel, in which he paints the characters and manners of the same epoch. Mr. Macaulay blames this plan. As usual, there is much show of weight and strength in the style in which, on this point, Mr. Macaulay presents his arguments. But it is all a waste of words. He clearly indicates the qualities, the want of which everywhere in our historical works, whether romances or essays, compels him to deny to any of these the name of a history in the proper sense of that word. The example of Sismondi is in point. Now, suppose Sismondi had amalgamated his two works into one, what would such a book have been? There is another case. Mr. Macaulay says:—"We manage these things better in England. Sir Walter Scott gives us a novel; Mr. Hallam a critical and argumentative history." But this last, according to Mr. Macaulay, is no more what a history ought to be than Sir Walter's book is what a history ought to be. They are both good; but they are severally only a part of an unrealised ideal. We are left to conclude that a history ought to be both such works in one. Here, we will make a distinction. It is possible that the author of a perfect history ought to possess whatever gifts and endowments Sir Walter might have evinced in the composition of the romance, combined with various other talents, some of which may be displayed in Mr. Hallam's history, though not needed or elicited in the fiction. But that either the one or the other of these works would be improved by fusing them together, or that the third production which might be thus created would be any thing but a literary monster, is an untenable and a wild idea. We will content ourselves for the present, in order to avoid a digression which would carry us too far, with expressing complete dissent from Mr. Macaulay's tenets respecting this assumed division of history into two kinds of composition. The best ideal history would not, and could not, put an end to romances, but might even stimulate the production of them. For, not to learn the manners of a generation, but, perhaps for the fiftieth time, to contemplate those manners, is the motive which makes people read a romance; just as we look at the picture of a Claude, not so often to ascertain, but rather to view and to ponder on, the effects of his sunsets. And with this motive is combined another, still more beyond reach of removal, even when an ideal history shall have appeared; that motive is interest in the fate of characters such as ourselves, figuring in a thousand special situations, which are imagined by the novelist, because they might occur, though omitted by the historian, because they did not. We may say, then, in sum, that we have no prejudice whatever to a historical fiction as such. It is a work of a good sort in itself; it is a work which, if well executed, is sure to fix the attention of a cultivated mind; and if we had to choose an author for such a work, so far from thinking with Mr. Macaulay that the man who had written a good history of an era was disqualified from making that era the basis of a romance, we should pronounce him, supposing that he possessed other suitable talents, the very fittest person in the whole world for the task.

L. F. Bungener, a translation of whose works before us, endeavours in "*Julian*," or, the Close of an Era," to give an animated representation of the state of French society in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and a vivid view of the dark, confused, and calamitous reign of Louis XVI. M. Bungener, however, is not eminently or peculiarly qualified for the accomplishment of such a historic picture in black and white: beyond a minute acquaintance with his theme, he is deficient in the talents which his undertaking requires. But, at least, he is thoroughly master of the subject. It has been his especial study; and he has already presented to Europe, in the book entitled "*Voltaire and his Times*," an elaborate historical survey, feeble and discursive in method, though philosophic in spirit, of the whole age of that arch-hierophant of organised mischief. Voltaire's was the conscription of the champions of disorder; his was the new discipline of irreverence and depravity—his the marshalling of all the strong spirits of malice—his the diffusion of desolating doctrines, and the kindling of those strange and dreary flames, in which there seemed to be fire without light. With the death of Voltaire, in 1778, opens the less serious work "*Julian*," which proceeds through events and scenes destined soon afterwards to arrest the attention of all mankind. The work is not exactly a novel: at least, it is a novel on a very new plan. It is a literary series of dissolving views of the famous characters by their destinies as they lived; views in which all that is remarkable and memorable in the age is exhibited, with little power and inadequate effect, to the mind's eye. There is, indeed, no fatigue to the reader; for there is prodigious variety. The interest of the topic besides is still, and will ever be, unparalleled. We recommend "*Julian*" to our readers.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada open an additional section of 100 miles of their line to Quebec, on the 2nd of October. Arrangements are made for running an express train between Boston and Quebec, via Portland, in one day, so that passengers leaving New York in the evening will reach Quebec next evening.

A newspaper has been started at Los Angeles, California, with the avowed purpose of advocating a division of the state.

A LONG-VACATION VIGIL.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF "VERDANT GREEN," ETC.

THE Commemoration was just over. My mother and sister Nelly, who had never seen its glories, had been spending the week in Oxford, and were thoroughly fatigued with their severe round of sight-seeing and lionising. Like a dutiful son and brother, I had shown them everything that was worth looking at: had given them select breakfasts and luncheons in my rooms at Brazenface—promenaded with them in the Broad Walk on the Sunday—got them good places in the Theatre, where, indeed, Nelly had to blush in the front row, as one of "the ladies in pink"—procured them tickets for the Amateur Concert—taken them on to our college barge to see the Procession of Boats—gone with them to Worcester College to see the Horticultural Show and the Fireworks—introduced them at the Ball in the Town-hall; and, in short, had generally acted as a walking catalogue to all the sights and notabilities of my Alma Mater. These were fatiguing pleasures to all; and I was not sorry when they had come comfortably to their end, and the spires and domes of Oxford had been left far behind us.

I had been anxiously looking forward to the Long Vacation, for the end of it would see me going in for my degree. What with boating, cricketing, and other summer idlenesses, I had put off reading so long, that at last I had come to the conclusion it would be better to lay aside books altogether till Term was over; and that in the quiet of the Long I should have abundance of time for my reading. So I had laid this flattering unction to my soul, and, having thoroughly enjoyed the Term, I thought I could as thoroughly and easily settle down to work now that the Long had commenced. Big with this resolve, I went so



far as to unpack my books and lay them upon my study-table; but the exertion seemed to exercise a weakening effect upon me, and I deemed it best to brace myself up for work by a few dips in the sea, and to spend a few days at the quiet little watering-place of Westcliffe, whither my mother and sister had gone with all the juveniles. Finally, I resolved that I should be in the best trim for reading while enjoying the quiet and the sea-breeze; so I packed up some books, and determined to stay at Westcliffe some few weeks.

The next week, armed with my classical weapons, I made a descent on my family, who had taken up comfortable quarters at the Royal Hotel. Like many hotels in similar places, it was so constructed that it had private entrances for those families who might take a suite of rooms; and my mother had preferred this to the usual lodgings. The hotel was on the outside of the little town, fronting to the sea. For the first few days I got on very well; and I had just come to that point when I thought how jolly it would be, when I began work next Monday, to lie on the cliff, with a weed in my mouth, and get up Aristotle, and watch the sea-gulls skimming about, and the ships sinking in the distant west, when an event occurred, which, for a time put all my logic to flight.

One afternoon, when Nelly and I were returning to the hotel to dinner, from a long ramble over the cliffs, a travelling carriage and four dashed by us. Who could it be? Westcliffe was a very quiet little place, and a carriage and four was not an every-day arrival. "And how strange," said my sister, "there is neither maid nor footman in the rumble; and, as it went by us, I looked for the coat of arms (Nelly is great in heraldry), and they had evidently been painted out. Whom can the carriage belong to?"

"Most probably to that grey-haired, old gentleman, who is just getting out of it," I replied; for the carriage had drawn up at the door of the hotel. By the time that the gentleman had assisted a middle-aged lady to descend, we had approached them, (for our private door was next to the public entrance) and I had a full view of the third occupant of the carriage. She was a young lady of not more than twenty years of age, with a pale face of rare beauty, to which an air of deep melancholy gave a peculiar charm. As she stepped from the carriage a book dropped from her hand and fell under the wheel. I picked it up and returned it to her. With the old gentleman I interchanged a salutation of hats, with the young lady I interchanged a mere glance. But what will not a glance effect when one is yet a child in the eyes of the law, and when the thermometer is at 90 in the shade? From that moment, I was that young lady's slave.

With another glance, and we had passed side by side into our respective doorways, and I had only the lovely vision of her features to console me. Eating dinner under such circumstances was a mockery and a jest; I went through the ceremony merely as a solemn duty which I owed to custom and to my family. I was glad when I was able to get away on to the beach, and meditate by moonlight on the fair unknown. How her features were impressed on my mind, though I had seen her but for a few seconds! But there are some faces to be met with once or twice in a life-time, which can never be forgotten, but which will rise in all their freshness and beauty before the charmed spell of memory, without any effort or will of your own to call up the several features. And so it was with the lady of my tale. I can see her before me now—"in my mind's eye, Horatio"—as distinctly as I could in my lover's fancy when I walked that night on the sea-beach at Westcliffe, and, according to my wont under great excitement,

talked to my Skye-terrier Trap, on the subject that engrossed my thoughts. Trap was my college dog and constant companion—the recipient of all my secrets. If all depositors of secrets made a similarly wise selection in their confidantes, the Mrs. Candours of the world would find a greater part of their occupation gone!

The beach lay shining before me; the sea came dashing and rolling in with its grand, everlasting music; and I—like Demosthenes shouting his orations to the waves—paced up and down the beach, and, amid the roar of the waters, told all my fancies to Trap. "Wasn't it a face to haunt you in blissful dreams—eh, Trap? Did you ever see such an expression, Trap?—not one of those senseless wax-doll faces, but a calm, pensive look, with a winning gentleness and soft melancholy that reaches your heart at once—doesn't it, Trap? It is the sort of melancholy air which leads you to suspect 'that she has never told her love, but let concealment—' you know the rest, Trap. But, when I picked up the book, did you see the sweet smile that played around her mouth, and lighted up her face with a sunbeam of beauty—did you see that, Trap? And then her eyes! did you ever see such eyes, Trap? such deeply, darkly, beautifully, blue eyes, Trap? Swimming in their own liquid fascinations, Trap!" (I was getting rather out of my depth there; but Trap wagged his tail as though he perfectly understood me, so I pursued the metaphor.) "A blue, blue sea from which the Queen of Love comes forth to dower you with all her charms, Trap? What sea-nymph ever had such cerulean eyes, Trap? What Nereid, what dweller in the coral caves beneath this wide-resounding sea?"—My soliloquy is disturbed by a gentleman, who suddenly, and to my vast surprise, emerges from the very midst of the waves, and announces himself to be—not Neptune, or even a Nereid—but a shrimp! In the most unromantic and offensive way, he suggests that shrimps and prawns form an excellent appendage to a well-regulated breakfast-table; and further hints that he—he, the disturber of my solitude, and soliloquy—by name, Tom Barr, but familiarly known as Old Barnacles, will feel it a honour to wait upon a party as smokes such good tobacco. Of course, I give him a cigar, and an order for the family breakfast; by which time, as my weed is nearly out, and my chain of ideas has been rudely snapt, I return, in a ghostlike, dreamy way, back to the hotel. To-morrow I shall see her, I thought.

I ought to have dreamed of her, and should probably have done so, had not the low murmur of the waves lulled me into too sound a sleep for a visit to Dream-land; but I devoted my thoughts to her during the whole time I was shaving, and, as that included the risk of a razor-cut, I began to think that I was decidedly, and madly, in love. I, of course, took the first opportunity to have a gossip with Mrs. Rummell (our landlady), and quickly led the conversation into the arrival of yesterday.

"The gentleman's name is Spencer," Mrs. Rummell said, "the gentleman told me so himself, and said that all letters directed here in that name, were to be brought to him; and he said that, sir, just as though they wasn't to be given to either of the two ladies. The oldest lady is his wife, because he called her 'my dear' (Mrs. Rummell's logic was conclusive); and the young lady is his daughter, because, when I offered to assist her in taking off her travelling-dress, the other lady said 'Thank you, but my daughter needs no assistance'; and I heard her call her, Amy. (Amy! what a sweet name!) They have very grand manners, and are grand people, I'm sure sir; but I think there's something rather queer with them. It isn't often that gentle-folk of their quality, especially where there are ladies—travel without their servants; but that's nothing to do with me, if they want to save expense. And they don't let the waiter be in the room at meal-time, no more than is necessary to change plates, and put the things on the table; but that's nothing to do with me, if they wish to be private. And, last night, when the chamber-maid went to unfasten the ladies (such was Mrs. Rummell's expression; as though ladies were taken to pieces at night), she was only allowed to unfasten Mrs. Spencer, and did not even see the young lady; and it was just the same this morning when she went to



fasten them. It almost looks as if the young lady had been doing something wrong, and they were keeping her under lock and key; for, when they came, Mrs. Spencer said to me, 'We shall require two bed-rooms, and they must communicate with each other.' I happened to have such rooms as she required, with an inner door opening from the one room into the other, and an outer door to each room opening on the landing. So I showed the lady these, and she said they would do very well; and then she examined the lock of the outer door of the young lady's room, and she looked it, and told me that she would keep the key as long as they remained here. Of course, sir, I could make no objection to this; but it almost looks as if the poor young lady was a sort of prisoner."

The landlady's tale roused my curiosity, and added (if possible) to the interest I already felt in the fair stranger. Poor Amy; since Amy, it seems, was her name, what could she have been doing to require such strict guardianship? It was a mystery but it accounted, doubtless, for that sweet melancholy which gave such a charming character to her beauty.

When my sister and I went out for our morning's walk, Nelly was very curious to know who the arrival of the previous day might be, so I confided to her all that Mrs. Rummell had told me about Amy. Yes! Amy; for I could not call her Miss Spencer; no! when a man is really in love (and I felt that I was) it is the lady's christian name that always leaps to the lips, and hangs lovingly upon the tongue. And even while we were speaking we met her with her mother. They were coming up from the sands, and Amy had evidently been bathing, for her long, damp, dishevelled hair was streaming from under her plain cottage bonnet, and was lost in all its luxuriant richness under the folds of her shawl. She glanced towards us, and looked confused (at least, I thought so) as she met my earnest gaze. She sees that I love her, I whispered to myself. I was in hopes that, for the slight courtesy I had shown them on the previous day, the lady-mother might vouchsafe to recognise my existence, but she passed on to the hotel, and



"made no sign." Later in the day, we were out, far away on the cliffs, and, at an angle in the narrow path we suddenly came on Amy, with her father and mother. She saw us, and smiled—(yes, by Jove, she did!)—but the paternities put on the similitude of dragons guarding a priceless treasure, and they hustled her past us, and got out of sight as rapidly as possible.

Three days passed in this (to me) most unsatisfactory manner. Amy bathed in the mornings, and walked out in the afternoons, but was always under strict surveillance. And the same mysterious dragon-ship was maintained over her in-doors—so Mrs. Rummell informed me: none, except her parents, had interchanged a word with her since she had been in the house. But her's were eyes which had a dumb language of their own, far more expressive than even the words of some people's lips; and, when we met her in our walks, those pleading eyes seemed to say to us, "I am persecuted and helpless; oh! be my friends! And her sad, touching look of melancholy would so work on my excited feelings that I many times asked Trap if I should be justified in laying violent hands upon the dragons, and delivering the unfortunate Amy from their thralldom. But my sage attendant would not commit himself to an opinion on this delicate subject.

Of course, while my mind was in this excited state, it was impossible to settle down to hard reading. I tried to do so one morning, and opened my Thucydides; but I could see nothing in the Greek characters but "Amy, Amy;" and her calm face and deep blue eyes swam between me and the page. I must cram at the last, I said, and make a shot for my degree. I was a bachelor, in danger, not only of losing my heart, but my B.A. also.



The fourth day came. I had inspected Mr. Spencer's carriage, in the coach-house; but the coat of arms had been so completely painted over that I was unable to make out anything. The carriage was nearly new—why should the arms have been obliterated? I rubbed off some of the paint with my thumb, and I discovered that the arms were surmounted by an Earl's coronet. Stranger still! Was Mr. Spencer travelling under false colours? or, was he a *parvenu* who had bought the carriage at a sale, and therefore painted out the heraldry? But the appearance of the whole party was against this supposition. There was an air about the dragons which showed them to be dragons of gentle blood; while, as for Amy, she was every inch a lady! What with the heat of the weather, and the fervency of my passion, I should have been completely prostrated with the oppression of this mystery, if the burden had much longer remained upon my mind; but, that same afternoon it was destined to be removed in a very unexpected manner.

Nelly and I had got to a part of the cliff down whose steep side there wound a narrow pathway to the beach. We were nearly half way down, when we saw Amy and her father and mother coming up. The dragons looked as though they would have turned when they saw us; but, if that was their first resolve, they changed it, and came on towards us. As they slowly approached, toiling up the steep path, we both noticed the unusually bright look of joy which lighted up Amy's face. She was leaning on her father's arm, while her mother walked at her side, but slightly behind, the path being narrow.

"Look, Nelly!" I whispered, "she is evidently showing us a letter!" and my heart throbbed quick, like the bell of an electric telegraph machine—for I thought the letter might be for me.

"She is, indeed!" whispered Nell; "and see, she conceals it under her shawl, that her father and mother may not see it. And look how earnestly she is gazing at me!" ("and at me!") "And she puts her finger on her lip—that means secrecy. She must mean the letter for me;" ("or for me;") "But how will she convey it to us?"

There was no time to speculate on this point, for we had reached the trio. I pressed Nell's arm as a signal, and we drew on the one side of the narrow path, so as to allow the others to pass us. We each looked earnestly at Amy, while Nell (so she tells me) threw into her face as great an amount of sympathy as she could express. Amy also looked at her (for it was at her—there was no mistake about it!), with a look of almost tearful supplication; and, as she passed, evidently trembling, there fell from underneath her long trailing shawl, a letter. Her father seemed to hear the slight rustle of the paper, and quickly turned; but I was too quick for him. The letter had no sooner reached the ground than it was covered by my foot, and the dragon saw me earnestly engaged in pointing out to Nelly an interesting steamer which was trailing its smoke in the far distance. I suppose he was satisfied, for they continued to ascend the cliff. I secured the letter, and, watching my opportunity, as Amy slightly turned her head towards us, I gave the document, with stage effect, into Nell's hands, while Nell waved her handkerchief as a friendly signal of "All's right."

Then we went down to a sequestered part of the beach, and, sitting upon a fragment of rock, Nelly read the letter to me. It was addressed "To Miss —," and was written in pencil, in a neat, elegant hand. It ran thus:—

"Pardon this, my friend—for oh! let me call you friend, though I know not even your name; but, something tells me that I have not read your kind face in vain, and that you will indeed be a friend to me. I steal the minutes to write this; and, as I write, I know not how I may convey it to you; but, I must trust to the God of the helpless to

aid me, and I pray that this day, on which hangs my fate, may not pass away without these lines being in your hands. I must burden you with my sad tale, in order to explain the request which I shall have to make to you; but I will be very brief.

"My father is called the Earl of Glenarvon; I am his only child; he has great estates which, if I outlived him, would be mine. They are joined by the estates of Lord Gurdon; and my father's cherished plan has been to unite the Gurdon with the Glenarvon estates. For that purpose, an arrangement was made which betrothed me to Lord Gurdon's eldest son. I had known Philip Gurdon from a boy; but I could not love him. I never did love him. Ah! my friend, they cannot order the affections—they cannot say to them 'Go there,' or 'Stay here.' No! They are like the waves that are now murmuring in my ears, and no sovereign power, except the Great Supreme, can rule the mighty tide of love.

"My heart was not my own to give. I had entrusted its keeping to another. But, when my cousin, Captain Alvanley, proposed for my hand, my father would not listen to him; he had set his heart on marrying me to Philip Gurdon, and he would hear of nothing else. He is a kind father, and loves me; but he is cold and stern; and when I wept upon his bosom, he told me that I *must* marry as he wished me, and must forget my cousin. I pleaded, strongly and with tears; but in vain. Henry, also, had one more interview with my father, but was dismissed—even with insults. I was in despair—I had no one to counsel me, or speak words of hope; and in my wild grief, and deep, deep love, I consented to fly that night from my father's house, and be married to Captain Alvanley at Gretna. He was to bring a carriage to a private door in the park wall, and I and my maid (for I had confided my secret to her, and she had promised to go with me) were to meet him there. I made my preparations, and counted the minutes until I should be with Henry; but my maid played me false, and, at midnight, as I was preparing to leave the house, my father met me on the stairs. He upbraided me with my disobedience, and I fell fainting into my mother's arms. It was a terrible scene.

"My father still feared that I should fly with my cousin, and he determined to remove me to some spot unknown to Captain Alvanley. Travelling privately, and under feigned names, they have, therefore, brought me to this place; and they keep a constant watch over me to prevent my communicating with Henry. But 'Love is strong as Death,' says the Holy Book—'many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it.' My father intended his purpose to be kept secret from me; but, before we left home, I by chance heard a conversation between him and my mother, and learnt the name of our destination. I discovered a trustworthy messenger, and immediately wrote to my cousin; and it was arranged that he should bring a carriage *this very evening* at midnight, to the environs of Westcliffe. As I knew not where we should be, I promised to send some one (on whose secrecy I could depend) to meet him. My mother, I was sure, would take measures to keep me to my room, and I knew that I should have to escape by the window. Henry was to bring a rope-ladder for the purpose.

"But whom can I send to meet him? In whom can I confide? I am alone, and among strangers—watched and guarded. I throw myself, then, upon the generous kindness of yourself, and the gentleman whom I suppose to be your brother. My deep love emboldens me to break down the barriers of form, and to ask assistance at the hands of strangers. Oh! if you would secure the happiness of another, and save her from sinking into misery, forgive the freedom of her appeal, and aid her in what she asks. It is this: that the gentleman (your brother?) would this evening, at midnight, meet Captain Alvanley where the Avenue-road by the hotel joins the Northern-road, and would inform him where I am to be found. My room is at the side of the hotel towards the Avenue-road. I shall be at my window, dressed, and in readiness; but the greatest silence must be observed, as a door only divides my room from my mother's. Of the outer door she has the key; but this we had expected. The ladder will be of silk, and I can secure it without noise.

"I know not how to apologise for the boldness of my request; but I ask of your brother, as a man of honour, not to betray the confidence of this communication, but to aid me in changing my present misery into joy, for the sake of him who is dearer to me than life itself. And that God may bless and reward you, and smile upon the love that is dearer and nearer than love of father, or love of brother, is the sincere prayer of

"AMY FRANCES DARNELL."

It was not without many interruptions and comments that Nelly read the letter to me. "Poor thing!" she sighed, "what is to be done?"

"Done!" I cried; "why, what she wants, of course. 'Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said—'it's my duty to help a female in distress? What's to be done! Why, of course,



I shall go to meet Captain Alvanley, and shall help them all I can. That is what is to be done, Nelly." I said this with quite a Spartan firmness; for, as Amy was really another's, I had only to make a virtue of necessity, and nip my love in the bud with the best grace I might.

"Poor thing!" again sighed my sister; "no wonder she looked so sad; and, when she *might* be so happy, it seems hard to refuse to help her. But would it be acting right towards her parents?" I think that Nelly in her secret heart was rejoiced at the very prospect of assisting in an elopement; but I supposed she considered it proper morality to make an objection.

"Her parents!" I answered hotly (and I don't wish to defend what I said; I only record it because I said it); "her parents, indeed! Have they acted right towards her? Did that dragon father of hers care more about uniting her, or the estates? Hasn't he set title-deeds and dowries in the place of love and affection? Hasn't he proudly placed his own family aggrandisement as superior to his child's happiness? Doesn't he look upon her wedding-ring merely as the symbol of a ring-fence? Doesn't he want to make the holy estate of matrimony an estate of broad acres, and to sink love in the land-tax? Is marriage only a matter for lawyers? Can you write on hearts like parchment and endorse them like bills, to be made payable at sight to any one you please, changing 'I love you' into an I O U? Must poor Amy be a 'puppet to a father's threat?' as Tennyson says."

"Dear me," said Nelly, whose breath was almost taken away by my impetuosity; "you treat me to quite a little homily."

"Why, suppose," I continued, "that you were placed in a similar position with regard to Fred (my sister was engaged to Fred Temple, so I knew that this was an *argumentum ad hominem*, which all her filia logic would not be able to resist); and suppose you threw yourself on the confidence of a young girl of your own age, what should you think of her if she refused to assist you; and what would Fred think of that young lady's brother if he followed his sister's example? Fred would call him out at once. So, as I don't want to go out with Captain Alvanley, I shall meet him with pacific intentions at the cross-roads



at twelve o'clock to-night." Nelly did not require more persuasion, so we both agreed to help poor Amy all we could, and not to mention the subject to my mother, for fear she should side with the parents, and disclose the projected elopement to Lady Glenarvon.

"Captain Alvanley," mused my sister, as we wandered back to the hotel, "I cannot but help thinking that I have heard his name, and that he is a friend of Frederick's, and in the same regiment." Now that my sister mentioned it, I had some dim recollection of the same thing; and though we could neither of us fully determine it as a fact, the mere supposition of its truth, made us, if possible, more earnest in Amy's cause. We had no "Army List" to refer to, to settle the point; but when we got back to our rooms, Nelly turned up Lord Glenarvon's name in the "Peerage" (my mother never travelled without the "Peerage," and "Johnson's Dictionary"), and, sure enough, we there found the name of his "sole child and heiress, the Lady Amy Frances Darnell, heir-presumptive to the Barony of Darnell, born—"

(Amy was barely twenty). And it further stated that the "heir-presumptive to the Earldom and Barony of Arvon," was "his Lordship's eldest brother," whose son, the Hon. Henry Algernon Alvanley, was "Captain in the —th Light Dragoons" (Fred's regiment).

Both Nelly and I remained in a great state of excitement all the evening, longing for midnight to arrive. "It will be impossible for me to go to sleep," said Nelly, "So I shall take a book to my room, and sit up till you can come and tell me the result of the night's adventure."

To Mrs. Rummell, I said "that I was going out, and should not be back till late: would she give me a latch-key, and that would prevent any of the servants sitting up for me."

"Oh, certainly, sir, with the greatest of pleasure; it wasn't every gentleman that had so much thought for servants."

All being prepared, as the hour of midnight drew nigh, I sallied out with Trap, and commenced my vigil. The hotel was situated on the outside of the little town. Its front (where was our suite of rooms) looked over the cliffs towards the sea; it's north side (where Amy had told me was her bed-room) was bounded by the Avenue-road, a road overhung by lime-trees, which led towards the inland, and which, at the distance of between three and four hundred feet, met at right angles, the North-road. It was at this point that I was to meet Captain Alvanley.

It is a midsummer night of rare beauty. The dew lies heavy upon the grass telling of the morrow's heat. The broad moon is at the full, making a light almost equal to that of day. The air, which has been so sultry, is now cool and refreshing, and comes floating through the lime-tree boughs with the most delicious perfume. The quivering leaves of the overhanging trees are stirred by its rich breath, and throb as though with rapture. Through the dewy screen of leaves and interlacing boughs, the wandering moonbeams pass, dancing and leaping, and making bright floating circles on the shaded floor of the road beneath. In the hedgerows honeysuckles hang their links of sweetness, and mingle their odours with the scent of the newly-mown hay: the ripening corn gently sways in the soft night breeze; sea-gulls are settling down into their rocky nests; and the querulous note of a quail reaches me from a distant meadow. A little wayside brook comes babbling on toward the sea, with a light musical song of ferns, and foxgloves, and flowering heather; while the sonorous roll of the ocean, breaking on the beach below, fills up, with its deep diapason, the summer-hymn of Nature. I look down through the vista of chequered light and shade, and I see the great cliffs, and over them the wide expanse of sea, and the blue-paved heaven thick inlaid with its "patines of bright gold;" and, though the dense foliage over-head shuts out the moon from view, I see her beams reflected in the waters in a long line of streaming light, that insensibly takes my thoughts back to one, who, in the days of Earth's youth, laid him down to sleep in the lonely desert, and, in a vision, saw a ladder of light that reached to heaven, and the angels ascending and descending the shining stairs of glory.

Midnight is proclaimed from the old church tower. The reverberations of the last stroke become fainter and fainter; and I listen attentively for the sound of carriage-wheels. I hear nothing but the babbling brook and the distant breakers. I light a cigar, and ask Trap to favour me with his opinion of Lord Glenarvon. There is no danger of our being interfered with, and told to "Move on!" by the police. Westcliffe can't boast a guardian of the night; we have the Queen's highway all to ourselves. The North-road lies bare and white in the moonlight; and I could see a carriage at three miles' distance—could hear it, at more. Captain Alvanley is decidedly not a punctual man! I think that if I had a girl like Amy waiting to fly off with me, and be my wife, I should be rather before my time than after it. I am not at all cold; on the contrary, out-of-doors is more refreshing than in, this hot weather; but I dance a polka, merely for a little amusement and change. Trap sits in the middle of the road, and gravely watches me from under his shaggy eyebrows, as I polk round him. "What! can't you make it out, old doggie?" He evidently takes me for a lunatic; but I explain the matter to him, and he rubs his cold nose in my hand, to show that his confidence in me is restored. I pause from my exertions, and sit on the mile stone, smoking my weed; while Trap turns out an unfortunate field-mouse, and amuses himself to his great satisfaction.

One o'clock! No carriage, no sound of wheels. Captain Alvanley, sir! what are you thinking about, to keep a gentleman and lady waiting in this way! I will walk down the Avenue-road, to see if Amy is on the watch. Softly! there she is! bonneted and shawled, sitting at her open window. How the moonlight falls full upon her face! Captain Alvanley, if you could now see that face, and its intense expression of anxious expectation, you would give your post-boys any fabulous fee to whirl you the sooner to your Amy's side. She sees me at once as I emerge from the avenue, and I come softly under her window. She points within, as though towards her mother's room, and lays her finger on her lips. No talking allowed! I take the hint, and am speechless. She looks full upon me with those deep-blue eyes, and she lays her hand upon her heart, and bends towards me. She is thanking me for my vigil. Then she folds her hands together, and looks inquiringly. I shake my head in reply, and point towards the North-road. Then we go through a little ballet of action, and I am almost inclined to pirouette on one toe, as I signify to her that I will return to my post, and keep on the watch. And so I turn away while she dumbly expresses her thanks.

I walk back to my mile-stone, and light another weed. Trap don't understand it at all, and sits in the road, and yawns; so I throw stones to divert him. But even this lively pastime fails on too great repetition. Still no carriage! I watch the scented smoke curling lightly from my lips, and I begin to think of "Locksley Hall;"—

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young, And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung. And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me; Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

If Captain Alvanley thinks so, why doesn't he come? "O, my cousin, shallow-hearted!" Tennyson must decidedly alter his verses, and make the gentleman the one who is "falsely than all fancy fathoms."

Two o'clock strikes, and no sight or sound of carriage. I pace again down the Avenue-road. There is faithful Amy, still at her window—

still on the watch. She looks as though she had been weeping, and I try, by friendly signs and nods, to comfort her. "She speaks, and yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses." As I look up at her, I wish that "I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek;" and, of course, I think of "Romeo and Juliet," and the Balcony Scene. But where is her Romeo? Are his "love's light wings" impeded by a yellow post-chaise? Once more, I silently go back to my mile-stone.

I hum operatic snatches, and go through the chief part of my vocal performances; but Trap has a delicate ear for music, and he howls down my attempts. Another hour slowly passes, and still no Captain Alvanley.

I steal under the shadow of the trees, and I see poor Amy looking so sad, that I have scarcely the heart to approach her without good tidings. I go back, therefore, to my mile-stone; and my comforting cigar-case is being rapidly diminished. Only one weed is left, for I did not calculate on such a lengthened vigil—so I husband it; but, at last, it is smoked out, and I am cigar-less. And still there is no carriage—no Captain Alvanley!

Something must have surely occurred to prevent his coming. Perhaps he cannot obtain leave of absence from his regiment. If this is the case, I can fancy what his state of mind must be just about the present time.

Four o'clock strikes. Once more I go to Amy's window. She is still there, and, being ready dressed for her departure, I feel almost inclined to propose an elopement on my own account, and provide a substitute for the Captain; but my mirth is checked as soon as I have seen her sad, sad features. She weeps outright this time—bursts into a silent agony of tears, that I can well understand. My heart is touched with pity, and I scribble on a piece of paper—"He may not be able to get leave of absence. He will probably come to-morrow night, and I will watch and meet him. Be of good cheer." I toss this up to her, and as the morning is breaking, there is sufficient light for her to read it. She cheers up directly, and smiles and waves her hand to me. I signify to her that I shall continue on my watch till five o'clock, and then I go back to my mile stone.

But, when the hour has passed, no Captain Alvanley has arrived; and I see that to prolong my vigil would be useless, for it is broad day now, and people are beginning to move about to their boats and their work: so, much to Trap's satisfaction, I turn my steps towards the hotel. Amy is still at her window. She thanks me as much as any one could thank me without speaking. She again reads my scrap of a note, and looks towards me with a cheerful face, as though she depended upon the fulfilment of my promise; and then she noiselessly lets down her window and blind. Having seen this, I quietly make use of my latch-key, and pass up-stairs to my sister's room. She has not gone to bed, but has fallen asleep in her chair, from sheer exhaustion. I tell her the result of my night's vigil, and am presently in my own room, and a sound sleep.

The next day passes wearily. In the morning we see Amy go to bathe, as usual; and, in the afternoon, we pass them on the cliffs. Amy looks pale and anxious; and her eyes seem heavy with weeping and watching. When we are close to them, I pretend to be talking in a loud tone of voice to my sister; and I say—meeting Amy's eyes as I say it—"he will be quite certain to arrive, and I shall be there to meet him." I think this a Machiavellian stroke of policy, and I am delighted with myself at my ready wit.

As evening advances the sky becomes overcast! and, as I let myself out of the hotel, at half-past eleven o'clock, big drops of rain beat against my face. I send Trap in-doors again; it is evidently going to be a night not fit to turn out a dog in, and Amy will have but rough weather for her departure, though the noise of the wind and rain will favour her escape. I put on a rough boating coat, light a weed, and sally forth to my vigil.

The thunder comes growling up from the west, and, presently, bursts into peals like the discharge of heavy artillery. The lightning gleams vividly through the lime-trees overhead; and, for a moment, lights up the tumbling waves, that are white with foam. Soon the rain comes down in a perfect sheet, and even penetrates the dense mass of foliage above me. It is, indeed, a rough night for a vigil. But, hark! the carriage-wheels! I run out into the North-road, and meet—the blinding, hissing rain. I listen again: there is no sound of carriage; it was but the rattling rumble of the thunder.

It must be some time after midnight; but the violence of the storm overpowers the sound of the church clock. I keep under the half-shelter of the dripping trees, and, twice or thrice, I run forth, as before to meet the carriage; but with no better success; the wind and the rain together always deceive me.

At length the storm subsides, and the thunder dies away in distant peals. I shake the wet off me like a Newfoundland dog coming out of the water. There is a grateful sense of coolness all around; the thirsty earth has drunk in the refreshing moisture; the July storm is over. Soon the moon shines out, ghastly and pale, through the dark-driving clouds; and only the rain-drops patter from the leaves. I light a fresh cigar, and wait till two o'clock strikes. No Captain Alvanley! So I walk down the avenue, towards the hotel. Faithful Amy! there she is at her open window, on the watch, just as she was last night. She still looks very pale and sad, and she is evidently listening intently for the sound of the carriage wheels. As soon as she sees me she bends and greets me as an old friend. I have provided myself with a sheet of paper, and I scribble on it in large letters, "The violence of the storm must have delayed him. No horses could face such a tempest. By this time he is on his road." I throw this up to her, and she catches it as nimbly as a cricketer. It seems to console her; so again I return to my post, or, to speak correctly, to my mile-stone; for I take my seat thereon, and smoke placidly. I rather miss Trap, for he was a companion; but I know that Amy is sharing my vigil; so what more can I desire?

Three o'clock, and still no Captain Alvanley. This is getting strange. Can he have played her false? I will go and take a quiet look at Amy. She is still at the window—still gazing out anxiously towards the North-road, with a sad, sad face. I have not the heart to go towards her; for what can I say?

Another hour passes slowly and wearily, and no sight or sound of carriage. Surely Amy could not have made any mistake as to the night? It is not probable; but I will go and ask her. She is at her open window; but clouds have floated before the moon, and it would be impossible for her to read anything that I may write. I, therefore, essay to speak to her. She leans forward out of the window, and we converse in whispers. "Are you quite sure that he fixed last night?" I ask.

"Quite sure," she answers; "he mentioned the night and the hour. I could not be mistaken."

"Perhaps he has not been able to leave his regiment; perhaps it has been called out by some sudden riot; there may be a hundred reasons why he cannot come (I could not think of them); and, of course, he could not write to you. But do cheer up and take courage (for her tears were beginning to fall); I will watch again to-morrow night—and"

And our *tête-à-tête* is suddenly brought to an end by the appearance of Lady Glenarvon, attired, *Lady Macbeth*-like, in her *robe-de-chambre* and *bonnet de nuit*.

Amy gave a scream as she turned and saw her mother standing at

her elbow. Lady Glenarvon advanced to the window—stood there for a moment (regardless of her costume), while she mentally took my portrait in very stern colours, and then, without saying a word, drew down the window and the blind. I waited to see if more would come of this; but, as there did not, I returned to my mile-stone to ponder over the *contretemps*, and inform Captain Alvanley, should he arrive, of the state of the case. But he did not arrive; and, wearied and somewhat sick at heart, I went back to the hotel, and to bed.

I was so tired out by my two nights' vigil, that the sun had been up several hours when I awoke, and it was late when I got down stairs. "Good morning, sir!" said Mrs. Rummell, who was the first person I met. "Mr. Spencer, sir, has left this note for you. He asked me your name, and he directed it here, in the bar, sir."

"Mr. Spencer! And pray who is Mr. Spencer?"

"Why, the strange-mannered gentleman, sir, as come with the two ladies in a carriage and four."

"Good heavens!" I cried—for I had forgotten Lord Glenarvon's incognito—"you don't mean to say that she—that they are gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Rummell; "they went quite sudden, just after eight this morning; and I'd barely time to make their bill out. I suppose, sir, they must have heard of the death of some relative."

"Very like, very like!" I muttered in a dream-like way, as *Hamlet* does, when they tell him of the *Ghost*; and, tearing open the note, I read this:—

"Sir,—When you again assist a young lady to break through her ties of filial duty and obedience, I should advise you to first ascertain if the young lady is a free agent. Yours truly, J. SPENCER."

"A free agent, indeed! Well! that is cool of the old dragon, when he knows what a tight prisoner he's kept her." Nelly and I could make nothing of it; and, to add to our mystification, Nelly had got from Fred a letter written on the morning of the day when the elopement ought to have taken place, in which he said (referring to some people my sister knew) "the J's have got a pic-nic in hand for to-morrow, in which I expect some of ours will be ingloriously taken captive. Bessie J. is to bring all her battery of charms to bear upon poor Alvanley, whom we have forcibly compelled to accept the invite. He has been 'all in the downs,' lately; and we thought that a dose of Bessie's flirtation would do him good. So, perhaps, you may hear of your friend being engaged to my friend; but I trust she will not deprive herself of the pleasure of being your bridesmaid."

And so it seemed, that while I was keeping my vigil, and pacing my lonely round, and while Amy was on the watch for her lover, Captain Alvanley was either snoring between the sheets, or dreaming of flirtations with Bessie J. Nelly and I were altogether mystified. Had Amy been imposing upon us, and was the dragon really a Mr. Spencer, and not an Earl? Had Amy been really expecting some one to elope with her, to whom she had given a name out of the Peerage? or was the whole affair a practical joke on her part, to relieve the tedium of a dull watering-place? But this could not be. To solve the mystery, we determined to write at once to Fred, and submit it to his tact to find out if there was any connection between the Captain Alvanley of his regiment, and our mysterious beautiful Amy.

It was some time before the matter was perfectly cleared up. Captain Alvanley himself wrote to me a very long and sad letter, which put us in possession of all the particulars relative to his engagement with his cousin Amy. All that she had written in her letter to my sister was quite true, up to the point of the discovery of the projected elopement; beyond that, it was the mere invention of a disordered brain.

After Amy had fallen fainting into her mother's arms, she had been seized with delirium and fever. This, together with the wild excitement through which she had gone, partially unsettled her intellect. As in many other similarly sad cases, the chief feature of her disease was a settled melancholy, and a derangement only on the one point that had brought on her illness; she was under the belief that her cousin had planned another night for the elopement, and her mind dwelt upon this, as though it were a fact. Hence her letter to my sister; and hence her plans of escape. It is needless now to explain the watchful care of her father and mother; they were too well aware of the peculiar phase which their daughter's aberration of intellect had assumed, not to fear lest she should escape in the night to the imaginary assignation. Change of scene and strict retirement had been advised as the most effectual way to prevent the increase of the malady, and it was by the doctor's counsel that Lord Glenarvon had maintained an incognito when he had brought his daughter to Westcliffe, in order that she might derive all the benefit that could be gained from sea-bathing and the fresh sea-breeze.

The effects of my vigil, and her unfortunate acquaintance with us had added to her disorder; and her father (as Captain Alvanley afterwards discovered) had removed her from Westcliffe to the south of France, and from thence to Italy. There, under judicious treatment, her mind gradually recovered its healthy tone; and, though the shock upon her nervous system had been so great, she returned to England, after a little more than a year's absence, in perfect health and strength—the same Amy as she had been when she won her cousin's love.

During this time many important events had occurred. In the first place, the Long Vacation had ended; and, despite the interruptions to my reading, I had got my degree. In the second place, Lord Glenarvon had been taught a lesson on forced marriage, which he was not likely to forget; and, in the third place, Philip Gordon, when he learnt the cause of Amy's illness, had transferred his affections to another lady, and married her. As the possibility, therefore, of joining the Gordon to the Glenarvon estates was now at an end, the Earl did what he easily might have done in the first instance, gave his consent to his daughter's union with her cousin, Captain Alvanley.

They were married about a month since. If any one is curious to see how the bride was dressed—what was the worth of her *trousseau*—how many bridesmaids she had—and what notabilities figured at her wedding, he has only to refer to the *Morning Post*, which devoted nearly half a column to these women-absorbing topics. You will not find my name there, as I was unable to get back from my Swiss tour in time; but you will see Nelly's and her husband's names—"Captain and Mrs. Temple."

Amy's wedding-cards are lying on the table as I write this. I have not yet seen her; but, as they are expected to be at Glenarvon Castle in a fortnight's time, and as I am invited to meet them, I shall soon have an opportunity of judging whether, as Lady Alvanley, Amy looks as sad and melancholy as she did on the nights of my Long Vacation Vigil.



SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE ORIGIN OF CHESS.
BY DR. DUNCAN FORBES.

CHAPTER V.—GRADUAL CHANGE OF THE CHATURANGA INTO THE SHATRANJ, OR MEDIEVAL GAME.

I WOULD now beg leave to hazard a few conjectures respecting the mode in which the ancient Chaturanga became gradually changed into the Shatrang or medieval game. We have seen that, in playing the former, it was an object of importance with each of the four players to gain possession of his ally's throne—a step which thenceforth secured to him the undivided command of the allied forces. It must, therefore, have often happened that, after some twenty or thirty moves, the contest remained to be concluded between two players only; and this circumstance of itself was sufficient to have given rise to the medieval game. But this is not all; it is evident that the Chaturanga might have been, and frequently was, played by only one person on each side, and that, too, from beginning to end. Of this fact we have a noted instance in the case of Yudhishtira (as stated in Chapter II.), who lost the whole of his possessions in a premature encounter with Shakuni at this very game. Nay, further, it is extremely probable—for reasons immediately to be assigned—that the game of Chaturanga was generally played either by four or two persons, without admitting the use of the dice at all, except merely for the purpose of determining which party should have the first move. If we examine into the principles of the game, and, so far as we have the means, into its practical working, we shall find that the dice do not in any way constitute an essential element. On the contrary, it is evident that, after having determined who is to have the first move, the dice may be wholly laid aside, and the struggle becomes a mere matter of wary tactics and strategic skill.

Now we have excellent reasons for believing that at a very early age the use of the dice must have been altogether discontinued; otherwise, the game could not have been played at all except in secret among regular gamblers. In order to understand the validity of these reasons, let us examine into the state of the oldest and most rigid of the Hindu laws, such as those of Manu, &c. The law and religion of the ancient Hindus strictly prohibited two species of gaming—1st, that species called "Dyuta," which is equivalent to our games of chance or hazard, including pure dice, or dice combined with skill, as in the ancient games of Chaupar and Chaturanga. The other class of gaming, as defined by Manu, was called "Samahwaya," and included all matches between male animals, such as cock-fighting, ram-fighting, &c. Against both these classes Manu is clear and explicit. For instance, in his 9th Book, he says—"Let the King punish corporally, at discretion, both the gamester and the keeper of a gaming-house, whether they play with inanimate (Dyuta) or animated things (Samahwaya)."

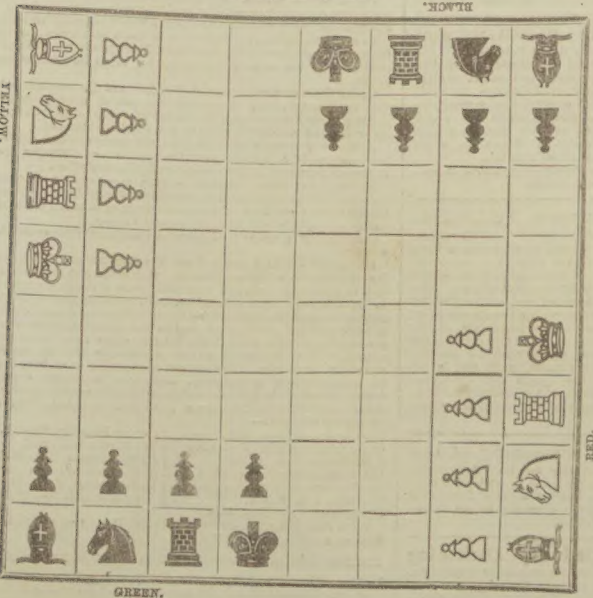
The law and religion of the Hindus being thus clear and positive against the game of Chaturanga, as played by Yudhishtira, what was to be done by the contemplative and sedentary Brahmins? The answer is obvious; dismiss the dice from the game, and it no longer falls under the category of "Dyuta," or game of chance. Besides, in the purer era of the Hindu religion, the Brahmins really had no interest in gambling, for an excellent reason—they had no property to lose, and no temptation to win worldly wealth. Hence we have every reason to conclude that the game of Chaturanga was generally played among the strictly religious and orthodox Hindus, by two or four persons, as the case might be, without the aid of dice; and that in the course of time this game was changed into the still more intellectual contest of Shatrang, or the medieval game. It must be confessed, however, that the severe and rigid laws of Manu in latter times became considerably relaxed, and that both sorts of games might at all times be played by special license from the magistrate—on condition that half the winnings should be paid over to the worthy magistrate aforesaid (to be applied, of course, like the gains of more modern indulgences, to pious purposes), and the remaining half to go into the pockets of the winner (*vide* "Code of Gentoo Laws," 8vo edition, London, 1781, page 254). This merely shows that mankind have ever been, and ever will be, the same, whether they dwell on the banks of the Ganges or the Rhine; for in either locality we find that the rigour of the laws against gambling might be somewhat relaxed on certain weighty considerations.

The historians of Arabia and Persia are unanimous on the following points, viz.:—First, that Chess, as known in the middle ages, was invented in India, during or previous to the sixth century of our era; and secondly, that the game was introduced from India into Persia during the reign of Kiser Naushirwan, the Chosroes of the Byzantine historians, and the contemporary of Justinian. We have shown, however, that the game virtually existed in India some thousands of years previously; and we have every reason to believe that the "invention of Chess," alluded to by the Arabs and Persians, simply meant the final establishment of that modification of the Chaturanga, which we call the medieval game, and which in Asia, on this side of the Chinese empire, goes under the name of Shatrang. In fact, one anonymous writer (of whom more in due time) repeatedly asserts that the common game brought into Persia, from India, in the reign of Naushirwan, was not an invention of the Hindus, at that time, but merely an abridgment and modification of a more ancient game, previously introduced into India, from Greece, by Alexander the Great. This theory is unique, and shall be thoroughly examined hereafter; at present it is enough to say that the anonymous writer, by the Greek game, which is altogether visionary, undoubtedly meant the Chaturanga, of which the Muhammadan writers had never heard. The reader will bear in mind that till the reign of the enlightened Akbar, the classical writings of the Brahmins were, in the strictest sense, a sealed book to all men existing out of the pale of the Hindu creed. We need not wonder then at the circumstance of the Chaturanga's being unknown to the earlier Moslem writers.

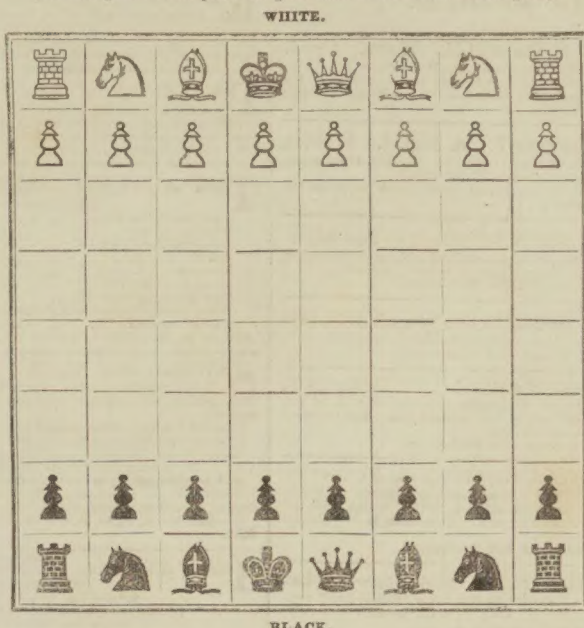
Before proceeding further, it may be proper here to lay before the reader at one view both the ancient Chaturanga and the medieval Shatrang. By thus contrasting the one with the other I believe there will be little difficulty in arriving at a conclusion as to which is the parent and which the offspring.

DIAGRAM OF THE ANCIENT HINDU CHESS BOARD.

The pieces being arranged as they stand at the commencement of the game of Chaturanga, played by four persons.



THE MEDIEVAL GAME OF SHATRANJ.
(The arrangement of the pieces being the same as that of our modern game)



Let us now for a moment examine, for example, the Green army, as arranged in the Chaturanga. We see the Elephant (i.e. our Rook) stand next the King; and the Ship (i.e. the medieval Bishop), placed in the corner of the board. The first alteration effected, then, is to make the Rook and Bishop change places—a step which gives the Bishop more freedom, as he will then be able immediately to command two squares of the board; whereas, when placed in the corner, he could only attack one square. The next step is to call over the Black allies, and array them in like manner on the right of the Green—the Rook and Bishop of course having changed places. Now, one of the allied Kings—it matters not which—is reduced to a subordinate situation, called in the Sanskrit, "Mantri," and in the Persian, "Farzin"—both of which mean precisely the same thing, viz., "Monitor" or "Counsellor." Thus, we shall suppose the Black King, on taking his station beside the Green Monarch, becomes a Farzin, shorn of half the power he possessed when free and independent. Thus, by a very slight alteration in form, but none whatever in principle, we have the men drawn upon the side of the board next to us, the same as we at this day arrange our Black men. In like manner let the Red and Yellow forces unite on the further side of the board, so that King may be opposite to King, and Farzin to Farzin, &c., and we have what we now call the White men. This is the precise state in which the game was introduced into Persia, the powers of the pieces being the same as in the Chaturanga; and thus the game continued to be played in Asia and Europe for nearly a thousand years afterwards.

In this transition of the Chaturanga into the Shatrang, we see a curious instance of the tenacity with which the ancient names are still retained, although two of the pieces have changed places. Thus, the piece next the King is still called in Sanskrit, "Hasti," and in the Persian, "Fil," or "Pil," which, amongst the Western nations, received various denominations, such as "Bishop," "Fool," "Leaper," "Alphin," &c. Again, the piece, still retaining the power of the original Elephant when stationed in the corner, rejoices in the ancient name of the "Ship," or "Chariot," in Sanskrit, "Roka," or "Ratha," and, in Persian, "Rukh." The latter term, as well as our own Rook, are evidently derived from the Sanskrit Roka; although neither the Persians nor ourselves, in all probability, have ever known or thought of its original meaning. Sir William Jones derives the Persian Rukh from the Sanskrit "Raths," a chariot, pronounced both in Bengali. This derivation is objectionable for two reasons; in the first place it is too far-fetched; and, secondly, the word Raths is never mentioned in the ancient account of the Chaturanga; add to this, that there is no proof that the Bengali dialect existed for centuries after Naushirwan. I shall henceforth, for the sake of distinctness, continue to use the term Chaturanga for the ancient game of the Puranas, and Shatrang for the medieval game; but the reader will be pleased to bear in mind that in reality both of these, as well as our modern game, are the same in principle. When the Chaturanga was modified into the Shatrang, the powers of the pieces remained unaltered; it was merely a change of form. Again, at the end of a thousand years, when the Shatrang was modified into the modern game, the form of everything remained the same, but the powers of certain pieces were greatly extended. Hence, in the Sanskrit language, the game under all its phases is called Chaturanga, and nothing else; for, throughout all its varieties, "the four species of forces" are the same numerically, though changed in a few instances as to their names. Thus, latterly among the Hindus, the Ship was changed into the War Chariot; for the Chariot on dry land has the same importance as the Ship on the water. On receiving the game from India the Persians changed the word "Roka" into "Rukh," which, in their language, means a "Hero" or "Warrior;" also, a swift and fierce species of Camel; and, as we shall show in our next chapter, the first of these seems to be the sense attached to the word of the poet Firdausi. From the Persians the game passed on to the Arabs; and, in the language of the latter, the word Rukh has but one meaning, viz., that of the celebrated fabulous bird so called. This bird, according to the best accounts of all who have not seen it, was furnished with two heads, and he could with ease carry to his nest four full-grown elephants at a time—viz., one in each of his two beaks, and one in each claw. I think this belief in the two-headed bird among the Arabs, gave rise to the older form of the piece, on its introduction into Europe, as shown by Sir Frederic Madden, in his "Dissertation on the Chessmen found in the Island of Lewis," p. 239, &c. Last of all, we call this piece a "Rook," the meaning of which term is, I believe, very vague. Whether the chess-player imagines it to signify literally the pilfering black bird of that name; or, figuratively the respectable character that is said to prey on pigeons, are points on which I am altogether unable to give a decided opinion. But to conclude, I think from all the evidence I have laid before the reader, I may safely say, that the game of Chess has existed in India from the time of Pandu and his five sons, down to the reign of our gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria (who now rules over those same Eastern realms)—that is, for a period of 5000 years; and that this very ancient game, in the sacred language of the Brahmins, has, during that long space of time, retained its original and expressive name of Chaturanga.

We have no means of ascertaining the exact era at which the Chaturanga passed into the Shatrang; or, in other words, at what period, as the Muhammadans view it, the Hindus invented the latter? The earlier writers of Arabia and Persia do not agree on the point—some of them placing it in the time of Alexander the Great, and others as late as that of Naushirwan. Even the poet Firdausi, the very best authority among them, though he devotes a very long and a very romantic episode to the occasion of the invention of the Shatrang, is quite silent as to the exact period; all that he lets us know on that point is that it took place in the reign of a certain Prince who ruled over northern India, and whose name was Gaw, the son of Jambur. The Brahmins are silent on the subject, partly because the change was a matter of no importance in their eyes, or most probably because it took place after the Sanskrit had become a dead language; consequently we need not feel any surprise at what Sir William Jones states when alluding to the Shatrang, which, by the way, he fancies to be the same as the game played by Philidor. In his discourse already cited, he says—"Yet, of this simple game, so exquisitely contrived, and so certainly invented in India, I cannot find any account in the classical writings of the Brahmins." Now, the reason for Sir William's disappointment is obvious enough; "the classical writings of the Brahmins" had been composed many centuries before the separate existence of the medieval game. Sir William then states—"At present I can only exhibit a description of a very ancient game of the same kind (the Chaturanga); but more complex, and, in my opinion, more modern than the simple Chess of the Persians." Here we see an instance of a great mind's falling into an inconsistency from having hastily adopted a paradoxical opinion at the outset. We are told that the Chaturanga is "a very ancient game," and yet "more complex and more modern than (the Shatrang) the simple Chess of the Persians;" and this was stated by Sir William when he had before him written authority in favour

of the remote antiquity of the former, and none whatever respecting the latter.

The change of the original word Chaturanga into the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish term, "Shatrang," has been satisfactorily explained by Sir William in the same discourse, where he states—"By a natural corruption of the pure Sanskrit word, it was changed by the old Persians into Chaturang; but the Arabs, who soon after took possession of their country, had neither the initial nor final letters of that word in their alphabet, and consequently they altered it further into Shatrang, which found its way presently into the modern Persian, and at length into the dialects of India, where the true derivation of the name is known only to the learned." I cannot agree, however, with Sir William in his next sentence, where he states—"Thus has a very significant word in the sacred language of the Brahmins been transformed by successive changes into *axedras*, *scacchi*, *echecs*, *chess*; and, by a whimsical concurrence of circumstances, given birth to the English word 'check,' and even a name to the 'Exchequer' of Great Britain." Now, I maintain that it is not the Sanskrit word Chaturanga from which *scacchi*, *echecs*, *chess*, &c., are derived; but the Persian word, "Shah" (King), which we find in use to this day among the Arabs and Persians, in the same sense as our word "check." In fact, we ourselves frequently use the literal translation of "Shah" in actual play, when, instead of "check," we say "the King," or simply "King." So the French often say, "Au Roi;" and the Germans beat us all in exactness, for they really possess the identical word, "Schach." As to the derivation of our word "Exchequer," it will, I have no doubt, be soundly and satisfactorily discussed hereafter, by the learned gentlemen who have promised us an account of the progress of Chess in Europe during the dark and middle ages.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1855.—The Imperial Commission of the Exhibition has published a notice to French and foreign artists, of which the following are the principal points. The Exhibition will comprise the works of all French and foreign artists who were living on the 22nd of June, 1853, the date when the decree for the Exhibition was published. Works which have been before exhibited will be received. The works will be composed of paintings, drawings in water-colours, pastels, miniatures, medallions, and paintings on porcelain; sculpture and engraving on medals; architecture; engravings, and lithographic prints. Paintings on glass, the character of which is purely decorative, will form part of the Exhibition. Pictures and other objects unframed, sculptures in clay unbaked, anonymous works, and copies, will not be admitted. The works of foreign artists must be previously decided on by the national committees formed for that purpose. No work of a foreign artist will be admitted unless sent with the authorisation and the seal of the committee of his nation. The committees of each country are requested to make known soon and as exactly as possible the space required for the works of their artists, and to send the works themselves as soon as possible. French artists are requested to make known within two months from the 15th instant, the number and dimensions of the works they intend to exhibit. All the works of French artists residing in Paris, the Departments, or abroad, must be submitted to a French jury instituted in Paris. The works of foreign artists residing in France may be submitted to a French jury. The works of artists residing in the Departments will be conveyed to Paris and sent back at the expense of the State. Those of French artists residing abroad, as well as those of foreign artists, will be brought to Paris at the expense of the State, but only from the frontier, and sent back on the same conditions. The packages containing their works must have the seal of the *Chargé d'Affaires* of France in the countries where they reside. Foreign artists will be represented by the delegates of the National Committees, who will deliver to the Directors of the Exhibition, on depositing the works, a notice signed by each artist describing the works sent; the name of the artist, the place and date of his birth, the name of his masters, and the mention of any rewards which he may have obtained. French artists must furnish similar indications. A future notice will inform French artists when the jury shall have been formed. The Commission of the Exhibition has also published a notice contradicting reports which had been current, that the exhibitors would be obliged to pay for the space occupied by their productions, and also that the Exhibition would be put off to 1856.

A PEEP INTO SEBASTOPOL.—The captain of the Turkish merchant ship, captured lately by the *Vladimir*, off Heraclea, and conveyed to Sebastopol, was released, after a few days' captivity, and permitted to return to Constantinople. On his arrival he called on the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the following items are the result of an interrogatory not altogether devoid of interest. During his confinement in the stronghold, he states that a sum of 55 paras (about 2d.) a day had been generously allowed to keep him in good case, and for the supply of all his wants! Still, according to his account, he was the envy of the whole garrison, whose food consisted merely of a little rancid biscuit and a greasy soup of some description. He had, moreover, the honour of a visit from the Moscow Capitan Pacha Menschikoff, he presumes; who, in the first place, inquired after his health, and whether his wants had been duly provided for, and then proceeded to cross-question him in reference to the amount of the Allied forces. The poor Turk, in reply, estimated them at about 200,000 men; whereupon Menschikoff and his staff seemed much irritated, and somewhat disposed to treat him as a liar. The prisoner then, almost in a "fix," endeavoured to appease his auditors, stating that he knew nothing but from hearsay; however, that he would take upon himself to affirm that the Allied forces were daily pouring in, *en masse*, at Gallipoli. This last assertion did not appear to mend matters. The Prince vociferated and waxed wroth, exclaiming that he was well informed by his scouts of the exact strength of his enemies, as well as of their intention to attack during this month, but was quite prepared to give them a warm reception. The poor Captain bowed obsequiously; but had the presence of mind to ascertain an important fact previous to his liberation. The only implement in his possession was a small knife, with which, like a good sailor, he did his best to take the soundings, cutting away in different parts of the walls of the fortress, when free from observation. According to his statement the stones are all soft and friable, exactly resembling Malta stone. Another still more important point was elicited, during this interview, at the French palace, which is that the Turkish Captain's co-religionists, the Tartars of the Crimea, with whom he had conversed, all demanded anxiously intelligence of the Anglo-French expedition, and empowered him to declare, that they were all ready to join and fight with them to the last in this glorious battle.

BREAD RIOTS IN BRUSSELS.—The high price of bread and the low price of wheat is an anomaly apparently not confined to the United Kingdom. Serious disturbances, originating in the firmness of the bakers to maintain prices, occurred in Brussels last week. On Wednesday evening appearances were so threatening that the first legion of the Civic Guard was called out, and remained under arms during the night. Immense crowds congregated, and the police had great difficulty in preserving order. Many of the shops belonging to the most obnoxious of the craft were much damaged, the fronts, &c., being smashed with paving-stones and other heavy missiles. However, the energy and prudence displayed by the Burgomaster prevented any serious result. A proclamation was issued by the Burgomaster on Thursday, forbidding more than five persons to assemble together in any one place in the public streets, and ordering the cabarets and other places of public resort to be closed at half-past eleven p.m. The orders were generally obeyed, and on Friday tranquillity was completely restored.

AVERAGE ILLNESS AMONG THE LABOURING CLASSES.—Upon this subject, Mr. Finlaison, in his Second Report upon Friendly Societies, affords some interesting information which is worthy of a careful perusal by the managers of those institutions. From the statistics furnished to him he calculates the average number of days' illness per annum suffered by the population at different ages. At the age of 45 he states that 99 out of the 100 benefit clubs close their doors to the admission of candidates, and we find that above that age the number of illnesses begin to increase. Between 15 and 16, the average number of days per annum with persons engaged in general labour is 64; between 16 and 26, 63; between 26 and 36, 7; between 41 and 46, 83; between 46 and 51, 104; between 51 and 56, 123; between 56 and 61, 163; between 61 and 66, 234; and between 66 and 71, 36 days. Mr. Finlaison adds, on an examination of the amount of sickness per annum recorded for the whole mass of the male members of Friendly Societies, from the age of 15 to that of 85, it may be premised that almost exactly five years' sickness is undergone by the man in the 70 years of time. But during the period of labour—that is, from the commencement of the 16th year of age to the close of the 66th—there are in this 51 years but 78 weeks, or exactly one year and a half of sickness. Further, that, in respect of this period of labour, the sickness, during what may almost be termed its second moiety, viz., from the age of 41 to that of 66—is almost exactly the double of that undergone in the previous moiety—from the age of 15 to that of 41 years. For the sickness during the first 26 years of manhood is exactly half a year, or 182½ days, while it is 362½ days, or almost exactly one whole year, during the next ensuing 25 years of maturity.

THE SWORD V. SICKLE.—Owing to the scarcity of reapers in the neighbourhood of Sunderland, the commanding officer of the 85th Regiment, stationed in the barracks, has allotted parties of soldiers from his regiment, on the application of the farmers, to assist them in their harvest operations. This is the first instance of soldiers being employed in harvesting at Sunderland since the close of the last war, when it was a regular custom for the military to go harvesting. At that time there was also a great want of men to cast the coals from the keels with shovels, to load the ships, when the services of the soldiers in the barracks at Sunderland were daily required at that well-paid labour. It was then a common saying among the keelmen and running fitters, when labourers were wanted for this work, "If we cannot get men, we can get soldiers."

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For First Mourning:
Superior Skirts, with Tucks of Best Patent Crapè,
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they have every variety of quality and price, and suited to any grade
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Fee for eighteen months' Medical, and three years' Surgical Practice,
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